★. JOHN BULL. FEBRUARY 22, 1941. TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXIX 1810

AIR RAIDS! WE PAY £3,600 MORE CLAIMS

NAZI PRISON CAMP REVELATIONS

B.B.C. SECRETS

The Cup that Cheers - Restores - Invigorates

Delicious Ovaltine *for Flask or "Hay-bottle"*

THE stress of war-time conditions serves to emphasise the exceptional value of 'Ovaltine' in all emergencies. On A.R.P. or Home Guard duty—in spells of fire-watching or during long hours in the shelter—'Ovaltine' with its warming, comforting, fortifying nourishment, maintains your strength and energy at a high level.

And when opportunity comes for rest, 'Ovaltine' will help to ensure that your sleep is fully restorative. Even if sleep is restricted or broken, 'Ovaltine' will enable you to derive the utmost benefit from your sleeping hours.

It is easy to prepare 'Ovaltine' and keep it at hand, hot and steaming, in your vacuum flask or "hay-bottle." If milk is not available, water can be used, as 'Ovaltine' itself contains milk. If making with water only, use rather more than the usual quantity of 'Ovaltine.'

Remember that 'Ovaltine' is 100 per cent. health-giving nourishment, scientifically prepared from Nature's best foods, and possessing special restorative properties.

For all these reasons, 'Ovaltine' should also be your constant stand-by in the home. Its concentrated, correctly balanced nutriment will help to make your diet complete in the food elements required to maintain a high degree of vitality and resistance. But be sure it *is* 'Ovaltine,' which is so different from imitations made to *look* the same.

IMPORTANT

When a vacuum flask is used to contain a beverage prepared with milk, always cover the cork with grease-proof paper. This prevents the milk penetrating the cork and souring the next beverage put into the flask.

If you have not previously adopted this precaution, the cork should first be held in boiling water for a few minutes.

It would be easy to cheapen 'Ovaltine' by adding household sugar in its manufacture. It is more economical, however, to add the sugar at home if desired. Note especially that although 'Ovaltine' does not contain household sugar, it is naturally sweet and the addition of sugar is unnecessary. 'Ovaltine' is sold in tins at 1/1, 1/10, and 3/3.

ASK FOR 'OVALTINE' IN YOUR CANTEEN

Members of the fighting and civil defence services, and those working in factories, can obtain 'Ovaltine' from their canteens. It is exceptional as a strengthening and energising beverage and will sustain strength and stamina over prolonged periods.

P 568 A

for days of strain and sleepless nights

THIS IS THE TONIC YOU NEED

Remember this important fact:—

Failing health becomes more dangerous *the longer you leave it.* If you need a tonic – get it *at once* — don't delay!

The definite tonic properties of Dr. Cassells Tablets will strengthen you in body, hearten you in mind, feed your nerves, and improve every physical function. Dr. Cassells Tablets contain the finest tonic body strengtheners, nerve tissue builders and digestives. These substances form the foundation of health and fully explain the happy results of taking this wonderful Tonic medicine.

AFTER ONLY A WEEK SHE FELT LIKE A DIFFERENT PERSON

"I have suffered for months from nerve trouble, and have spent pounds on so-called cures, but with no good result. A friend recommended me to try your (Dr. Cassells) Tablets and to my great surprise I *feel* like a different person, and this after only one week's trial."
from M.D., Bolton.

NIGHT WATCHMAN says Dr. Cassells is certainly a wonderful medicine

"My nerves got very bad and I felt I should have to give up. I decided however to see what Dr. Cassells would do. I now feel as well as ever. They are certainly a wonderful medicine." *from J.W.H., Surrey.*

NO MORE INSOMNIA

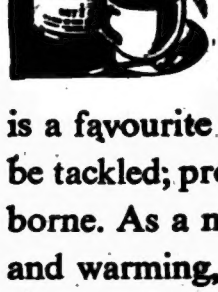
"I could not sleep—used to be awake night after night. Now that I have benefited by Dr. Cassells Tablets I fall asleep as soon as I am in bed. They are a great blessing."
from Mrs. T., London, N.W.10.

TAKE Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS

PRICES: 1/5, 3/5 & 5/8
(Including Purchase Tax)

THERE IS NO FINER, STRONGER, OR MORE RELIABLE TONIC IN THE WORLD

FRY'S COCOA as a food



(2) IN NERVE DEFENCE

Fry's Cocoa is so packed with nourishment, energy and nerve-strengthening substances that it is a favourite drink wherever there is a job to be tackled; problems to be met, or strain to be borne. As a nightcap Fry's Cocoa is soothing and warming, bringing sound, nerve-restoring sleep to both adults and children.

Fry's Cocoa makes every meal go further—an important consideration in these days of rationing. It is also one of the few foods that have come down in price since the war, thus bringing within reach of countless families a most valuable addition to their diet.

FRY'S

The cocoa with the real chocolate flavour

5D A QUARTER-POUND

C.283.3241

SMOKERS' 'FUR' IS IT RUINING YOUR TEETH?

Try this now. Run your tongue round your mouth, do you notice it . . . a rough woolly feeling. Smokers' fur has got a hold, and is staining your teeth. But don't worry, you can stop this fur from ruining the look of your teeth.

Dentists know smokers' fur is caused by excess acid in the mouth. Kill the acid and you shift the fur. What is the scientific way to destroy mouth acid? 12,000 dentists say 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid is the most effective antacid known. They recommend smokers to use the toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia'—the only toothpaste containing it — Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

Commence fighting mouth acid tonight. Get a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia and clean your teeth with it each night and morning. Then you'll feel the difference; no more morning mouth; no more stale breath. Instead you'll have teeth which look clean, feel clean, are clean; a sweet mouth to give new zest to smoking. A mouth that will say Good morning! and mean it.

PARCELS TO THE FORCES. Include a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia in your next parcel for 'him' or 'her.' You will be sure to please by this thoughtfulness. Sold everywhere. 7½d., 1/1d. and 1/10½d. a tube (including Purchase Tax). 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

An Excellent Recipe for the Family Cold

Easily made up at home.

There is no need for the family cold to go the round if you make up this good old-fashioned recipe and keep it for emergency.

Directions: Heat half a pint of water to which you add one ounce of Parmint (double strength), which is made up from ten of the most healing and soothing ingredients. You may add a little sugar or syrup if you have any to spare. The children simply love this mixture. Take one tablespoonful four times per day; for children use a teaspoon. Parmint (double strength) is obtainable at any good chemist. Cut out this recipe so as not to forget the ingredients and dosage.

HOW TO END PILES

A Doctor's Formula Gives Prompt Relief

What would you give to be really cured of those torturing Piles? To find protrusions growing less and less until they finally disappear, never to torment you again? A doctor's formula brings this relief within the reach of every sufferer. The Magic Brand Pile Cure positively heals, even when piles are so swollen and blood so alarmingly that an operation seems inevitable. Surgical methods are both unnecessary and useless. If your life is being made miserable by this distressing complaint, be persuaded to try the Magic Pile Cure. The first application will stop pain and irritation almost instantly. The alarming loss of blood is arrested, swelling and inflammation gradually die down, and the piles are soothed and healed in a way that seems miraculous.

If you have never tried this wonderful remedy, do so without delay.

FREE SAMPLE gladly sent on request to Magic Laboratories, M.M.10, New Court, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, February 22, 1941
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them . naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

WANTED

● Last week, twenty volunteers from Leicester hosiery mills started work in an arms factory.

In three days their deft fingers were performing tasks that were scheduled to take three weeks to learn!

So the arms factories would like more of these first-rate volunteers. Many more.

JOHN BULL urges employers and trades unions to get together at once.

If they can work out a voluntary scheme to release workers, Mr. Bevin will not have to use his compulsory powers.

More important still, time will be saved in the harnessing of Britain's labour to deal Hitlerism its death-blow.

Every industry must look ahead Soon great numbers of men must be replaced by women.

So every industry should start now to train not-so-young women to fill the vacancies.

And every young woman who can be spared should be released for munitions work.

Prompt planning can avert a labour shortage Voluntary agreement can fill our arms factories.

Straight from the Shoulder

STILL ONE UP ON ADOLF

ONCE again the world waits for Hitler to strike.

This time there's a difference.

The world is also wondering where Churchill will strike next.

For, in recent months, the initiative has passed to Britain.

He's Lagging Now

Libya, Eritrea, Italian Somaliland, Abyssinia, are falling into our hands like ripe plums.

Italy's homeland is bombarded from sea and air. Germany's factories crumple under the R.A.F.'s weight, soon to be made heavier still.

So, in his new moves, Hitler will not so much take the initiative as attempt to regain it.

He's Out to Get Us!

Wherever he attacks, the real objective will be Britain.

There has been too much speculation about his plans for the Balkans, Africa and Asia. Too little emphasis on the need for alertness at home.

Whether the Nazis march south or east, they will at the same time launch an offensive against these shores.

That is the most likely development of all.

And we can take it.

On the Look-out

Whether invasion is attempted or not, we must expect a renewal of the air Blitz. Above all, U-boats will make their most determined bid to cut our life-lines.

That is the chief factor to be remembered while we wait for news from abroad. That is why we must be as vigilant as when the *Luftwaffe* disastrously failed to cripple us last September.

That is why we must now work as never before.

Behind Gibraltar

Far less important will be the other points of Nazi strategy, those possibilities that are busily discussed by armchair soldiers.

German "tourists" are not only invading Bulgaria, but also they have found a new Riviera in the unattractive country behind Gibraltar.

Soldiers Moving

More Spanish infantrymen have arrived in Tangier. So have further detachments of Nazi "globe-trotters."

JOHN BULL leaves it to the gossips to guess whether Spain will join in an attack on Gibraltar.

Certainly Spain does not want war, cannot afford it.

Franco Anti-war

There is much discontent in that country where two million people languish in political prisons.

Money is so scarce that even the pro-Nazi radio declares bluntly, "hunger is our first concern."

General Franco cannot want war.

On the other hand, Spanish economy is Nazi-controlled.

Flow of war minerals from Spain to Germany has lately increased.

There has been a sudden anxiety about "A.A." defences.

Such are the facts.

Why Swiss Worry

Another European neutral that can aid Hitler is Switzerland. The Swiss do not want to do so. Their feelings are pro-British.

Nazi Minister in Berne assures them that their neutrality will be respected.

But they are worried because munition trains are running through their land from Germany to Italy.

They fear they may be asked to allow passage of troop trains.

King's Two Roads

Travel farther south.

Faced with Nazi demands, King Boris of Bulgaria could adopt either the craven compliance of Rumania or the honourable defiance of Greece.

His army of 650,000 men, his 175 aircraft, might not have been able to withstand a German onslaught.

Backed by the million and a half troops and thousand aircraft of Yugoslavia, they could have done so.

Still on the Fence

Yugoslavs may soon be forced down from the spiky fence of genuine neutrality. They are not pro-Nazi.

Britain's Allies, the Turks, are ready.

Although the forty miles of the Dardanelles vary in width from only one to four miles, millions of Turkish bayonets will defend those vital straits and the wealth of ore, manganese, zinc and copper behind them.

Every man and woman, from fifteen to sixty-five, is liable to conscription.

This time those fearless people fight with, not against, Britain.

Our Worst Enemy

If Britain is forced to engage new enemies, she will find new friends.

Britain's worst enemy will still be Complacency. Our best friends will remain our will-power and energy.

No one doubts our ability to outwit the Nazis' Spring offensive against us.

But has every preparation been made?

JOHN BULL does not think so.

Our Plans Ready

Complaints from various sources that the Government had let down the public by withholding from them details of what to do in the event of invasion are not justified.

The Cabinet has drawn up plans. Mr. Churchill has told the nation that instructions will be forthcoming from police and military if and when such instructions are deemed necessary.

Mr. Churchill has not been caught napping. He knows the quality of the people he is leading; he knows that rumour and alarum cannot scare them; and that they will obey to the letter any instructions given or any advice tendered.

Common Sense Matters

To confuse the situation by issuing at the present time a long and detailed list of what to do is a move which has not apparently appealed to the Premier.

Common sense and shrewd observation will characterise the reaction of this country to invasion.

Those virtues will help more than long-winded exhortations.

Even Out the Work

To defeat the U-boat menace we must accelerate arms production.

This can be done by preventing excessive overtime, for tired workers are slow workers.

Yet many firms hesitate to adopt the three-shift system, which spreads the work evenly throughout the day's twenty-four hours.

Slow Tempo

Transport lags. Supplies and workers are delayed.

Whitehall insists upon reorganisation. It must also insist on speed.

Some authorities are slow to arrange fire-watching and after-bombing services. They must be spurred on.

Up to Us

Yet JOHN BULL, keen critic of officialdom, knows that the Government is doing many things supremely well.

Chief agents in securing Hitler's downfall will not be Ministers, but the unknown men and women of this country.

The courage with which they amazed the world during last autumn and the winter, their hard work that made our African victories possible, can defeat the desperate offensive that we must expect this Spring.

Fight and Win!

Above all, let us remember this:

Britain will remain the chief battlefield.

Whether or not the war extends to the Far East, the Nazi might must crack if these islands continue to defy it. (See A. G. G., page 9.)

The past year has proved that we can do rather more than hold our own.

The coming year should show that we can gain far more than even our friends imagine.

AIR RAIDS!
GAS ATTACKS!
INVASION!

£3,600
MORE CLAIMS PAID

A FREE INSURANCE POLICY
Underwritten at LLOYD'S
FOR EVERY READER

(See page 15

Behind the News

● **Huge graft by Goering and Laval will shortly be exposed. German occupation costs do not exceed 200,000,000 francs daily, while France is paying 400,000,000. Difference is split between the Laval group and Nazi bosses.**

● *Unrest in occupied countries has become so widespread that although there are 6,000,000 Gestapo agents altogether, Himmler has tried to recruit 500,000 pro-Nazi Czechs as detectives. Only 29 men volunteered.*

● Conscription of Dutch youths is the latest "antidote" to anti-Nazi feeling. They are being sent to Germany for course of Nazi culture, which includes a year's service with S.S. troops. But 60 per cent. of the first few batches were returned as "unsuitable."

● **First Fascist payment for Nazi help has been the moving of another 150,000 Italian workers to Germany to make up some of the labour shortage.**

● *Official Nazi medical reports reveal that many children's diseases —especially diphtheria—are now rampant in Germany, due to lack of food and clothing.*

● Also reported is extensive spread of foot and mouth disease among cattle. Reason—shortage of fodder.

● **Confusion and obstruction in Rumania, stressed by Mr. Churchill, are made worse by the wholesale commandeering of grain and livestock for use in Germany.**

● *Latest developments in Nazi-Soviet relations also concern Rumania. Moscow resents allegation that recent civil war was caused by Communists disguised as legionaries. Believing that this is a Nazi excuse for greater troop infiltration, more Russian divisions are being rushed to Bessarabia.*

● Germany has ordered evacuation of all civilians within fifteen miles of Polish-Soviet frontier, new Siegfried line is being hastily built. On the Russian side, new fortifications are also being pushed ahead.

● **Turkish Government has announced that last of its war preparations—black-out of the smallest villages—are now complete.**

STRAIGHT from the SHOULDER

(Continued from preceding page)

JOHN BULL revelations of food waste in Army camps have disturbed Whitehall. There are hints of drastic action.

Although tons of good food are tipped into the dustbin every day, some soldiers still complain of inadequate rations, and write urgent letters home asking for help.

So the authorities should concern themselves with Want as well as Waste.

Chef Assists Novices

Not only the Army is at fault, but also R.A.F. cookery is often under fire.

Man who trained as a chef in Switzerland, served fourteen years in the best British hotels, volunteered for the R.A.F. as a cook.

After seven months, he is still a humble A.C.2, serving under N.C.O. cooks who "use flour as if they were mixing concrete."

Murdered Food

Their only ability, he swears, is in using mincing machines and tin-openers.

The "murdering of good food" nearly drives him crazy.

No doubt that his feelings are shared by the "other ranks."

Clearly, there should be complete reorganisation.

Other Food Ramps

As for food at home, JOHN BULL's exposure of the fish ramp has been followed by a trade agreement for lower prices.

Ministry of Food should next investigate greengrocery prices.

Leeks at 1s. 6d. a bundle—2½d. to 6d. for a single leek—is a fair example of the way housewives are plundered.

Churchill Truism

New collection of Mr. Churchill's speeches contains this topical truism: *"There is no more far-seeing investment for a nation than to put milk, food and education into young children."*

It is topical, because a day or two after Mr. Churchill's book appeared, the Ministry of Food reduced the allowance of meat for schools to 1s. 2d. worth for every seven dinners.

Served First

Mr. Churchill should also be interested to note that no milk has been served to Huddersfield schools for months.

Local education and health officers have done their utmost to get supplies, which were discontinued when the children needed nutrition most.

Whatever the shortage, they should be served first.

Needless Expense

It costs £186,000 a year to ration cattle foods. This is how the money goes:

Before a dealer can buy 20 tons of cattle cake, he must tramp round to isolated farms and collect 400 coupons, then complete complicated forms and proceed to the Food Office to apply for a buying permit.

Fuss and expense could be avoided by simply reducing the dealers' allocations.

But this would leave many officials jobless.

So Short-Sighted!

National Farmers' Union urged the Government, in April, 1938, to organise war time supplies of food.

Had this advice been given ten years earlier, Whitehall might by now be almost ready to act on it.

Dangerous Confidences

New warning has been given about leaving official documents in cars. Also necessary is a reminder that Confidential Tips can be as dangerous as Careless Talk.

One official, after locking his door, said to a business caller: *"I wouldn't tell this even to my wife, but I can trust you."*

Could he?

And how many other officials blab State secrets?

What About This!

Photographs of the new battleships *George V*, released to British newspapers when Lord Halifax sailed to the United States, appeared in Greek newspapers on November 7, last year.

Was it thought that Nazi agents never see Greek papers?

Another Mystery

Further mystery is that people in Occupied France with friends in Britain have had letters returned through the French post, marked "House demolished."

One family had enquiries made through New York, found that the friends' house was intact and that no air raid had taken place in the district.

Dirty work, somewhere!

Renouncing Responsibility

That epithet must be applied to some English local authorities.

Tuberculosis patients officially evacuated to Wales are being treated by the Welsh National Memorial Association.

But the councils in their home towns refuse to meet the cost, thus placing a heavy burden on the impoverished Welsh authorities.

Ministry of Health, please note.

It's Preposterous

Responsibility of fire-watching is not evenly shared.

Night nurses in at least one isolation hospital, working 75 hours a week, are now deprived of their "night off" once a fortnight to act as incendiary fighters —a preposterous arrangement.

Here's a Muddle!

Excellent response in Scotland to the appeal for fire fighters draws attention to a minor flaw in the official scheme.

Property owners are not compelled to provide ladders needed to reach lofts in tenement houses.

Yet owners are liable for damages should an accident arise because a ladder is left on the common stair.

They Don't Know

Official who tells you to use balls of paper as a substitute for firewood obviously doesn't know of the paper shortage in some towns, where fishmongers charge a halfpenny to wrap up half a pound of sprats!

Scrap It Now

Postal delays are adding to the hardship of council employees who are paid by fortnightly cheque.

Essex roadmen, whose cheques are sent on alternate Tuesdays, often do not receive them until Friday or Saturday, a considerable inconvenience in these days of rationing.

Will this rotten system never be scrapped?

Lack of Equipment

Delays in rail transport are said by railwaymen to be largely due to lack of equipment in the sheds.

Locomotives are kept idle because drivers rightly refuse to start without gauge lamps, which illuminate the dials of water and steam gauges, and can be used for signalling if there is a breakdown.

Does the Ministry of Transport know?

Day's Work Stopped

Delays in transport—train and 'bus—still delay war production.

Government action is now being taken.

Another aspect to the problem is the injustice by which many workers suffer from causes beyond their control.

Boy apprentice, five minutes late because his usual 'bus was too full to take him, was stopped a day's work.

That is typical of a common and infuriating stupidity.

They Wouldn't Do It

Wage levels should be reconsidered before the "compulsory labour" order is extended.

JOHN BULL is told of war factories where girls under eighteen get 3½d. an hour; women, 6d. an hour.

Charwomen wouldn't work so cheaply —and shouldn't.

More Army Pay Chaos

Greater care is needed in Army pay offices.

One soldier, whose pay-book showed a credit of £10 4s., withdrew £9 10s. to meet urgent home expenses.

Now he's told that a mistake was made, and, to meet a debt of £9, his pay will be reduced from 10s. 6d. a week to 5s. for the next eight or nine months!

Got Him Both Ways

Don't you believe that landlords are the most exacting members of the community?

Old-age pensioner, evacuated from Lowestoft last July, has continued to pay 17s. 5d. water rate each quarter on his empty house.

Wishing to save this expense, he asked for the supply to be disconnected.

Charge, 25s.

Yes, they got him both ways.

Flying Postmen

Letters carried by the *Yankee Clipper* across the Atlantic in two days take weeks to travel from Lisbon to Britain.

So those carried by infrequent liners from the United States now arrive much quicker.

Of what use is the air service unless the Ministry of Shipping can arrange a speedier service from Lisbon?

GREED is TREACHERY

AN army "fights on its stomach"; a people on its "stomach for a fight."

In the stern days ahead of us our first duty is to feed, supply and equip our fighting men. The only way to do this is by buckling our own belts tighter.

This we are beginning to do. But only beginning. Many of us have not yet felt the pinch; we only know that there is scarcity in shops where there used to be plenty.

Years ago there was a popular chorus which ran: "Yes, we have no bananas to-day!" Nowadays we do not expect bananas, and it is not uncommon to find the local tobacconist and confectioner announcing that he is temporarily out of tobacco and cigarettes.

Some people are vexed by these local shortages, but JOHN BULL warns all its readers that the situation is bound to grow worse before it is better.

Indeed, the Government is deliberately seeking to restrict the supplies of non-essentials; it wants to make us do without what we do not actually need.

JOHN BULL approves this general policy. We realise that the road to victory must traverse the desert of rigid economy, but, in regard to food supplies at least, we demand that all should be treated equally.

"Share and share alike" is *our* motto for economic victory.

We do not want to frighten our readers; we only want them to understand *why* the country needs to be frugal.

It is important to remember in the first place that we are already spending twelve and a quarter million pounds a day, of which ten millions are required for war purposes.

In the ordinary sense, it is true, money has ceased to matter. We are drawing blank cheques on the future. We are pledging not only our own credit, but the credit of our children and our children's children.

Taxation will be sharply increased in the next Budget, but no increase can possibly bridge the gap between national revenue and expenditure.

That doesn't really matter. What does matter is the ceaseless and ceaselessly increasing supply of guns, 'planes, ships and all the munitions and materials of war. "Give us the tools," says Mr. Churchill, "and we will finish the job."

He was appealing particularly to the United States and we now know that America will "lend or lease" all that it can to help our cause.

BUT neither to-day, when American help is no more than a rivulet in the torrent of our requirements, nor yet to-morrow, when it will have grown to a vast tributary, can we hope to buy victory in the bargain basement.

We must pay for it in "blood and tears and sacrifice." We must earn the wherewithal by the hundred-per-cent. toil of our entire population. We must save for it, sweat for it; aye, and if necessary, "slim" for it.

It will NOT be necessary to go short of proper nourishment, provided that we take precautions in good time. But there is no time to lose.

Mr. Bevin is mobilising the nation's man power—and woman power, too. The more labour he diverts from "luxury" trades to war industries, the less the shops will have to sell.

And the more important it will become to share and share alike.

Without Fear or Favour • by THE EDITOR

We talk of "the ship of State." Imagine, then, that we are the crew of a cargo steamer, staunchly built in some British yard and well-found, but bound upon a stormy voyage of unknown duration.

A wise skipper does not wait until his stores are dangerously low; he rations his crew at once. He is not supposed to "carry passengers" and he exacts full duty from every man aboard.

But he sees to it that officers and deckhands share and share alike. Greed becomes a crime against the whole ship's company.

We are roughly in the position of that ship's company to-day. We *COULD* bring more food into the country if we chose, but only at the sacrifice of shipping space needed for war cargoes.

That is the one sacrifice we cannot afford, and so we must "make do" on a minimum of imported food and a maximum of home grown produce. Decent folk will not grumble, provided all available rations are fairly shared.

But this equal distribution is not going to be easy. We doubt whether it will even be possible under existing conditions.

Several of our public men realise this and there is more and more talk of restricting the spending power of the individual citizen.

JOHN BULL is not opposed to this idea as a general principle, but its application bristles with difficulties.

We take the view that it would be better to ration all foodstuffs and control all food prices.

Without rationing, price control is of little avail, because the controlled commodity simply disappears from the markets.

On the other hand, when prices are *not* controlled, they tend to rise sharply until only the well-to-do can afford to pay for them.

JOHN BULL wants to see all food stocks shared and shared alike by rich and poor. We want to make it impossible for the greedy to grab.

For this reason we *still* maintain that it is unfair to allow people to eat in restaurants and hotels and yet to draw their full rations at home.

Obviously, the wide extension of the rationing system, together with general price control, will prove a difficult and "tricky" business to complete in a businesslike way.

But, if it needs to be done, it can be done and ought to be done without hesitation or delay.

We can take pride in the social conscience of our countrymen and women, but there is no community in the world without its black sheep.

And all of us know that under present conditions the ration dodgers flourish, the selfish indulge their appetites, the weak are easily tempted, the profiteering rats grow fat and sleek—and the poor are cheated of their due.

JOHN BULL reminds its readers that it is not enough to "play fair" about food. We must also "play fair" about everything else which is in big demand and short supply.

Quotas and restrictions are inclined to play the devil with honest trading. People with money are inevitably tempted to buy what they do not immediately need. And then the profiteers get busy, and prices rise still further.

Some of the spenders argue that they are paying the Purchase Tax, while the manufacturers have to pay 100 per cent. Excess Profits Tax. Therefore, they say, the State has no cause to grumble.

That is not the point. The point is that *all* greed is treachery to our cause, and that every one of us, rich and poor alike, should now take pride in "doing without."

WE do not pretend to know how the Government can enforce general and equal economy, but we are concerned to observe that, with the National Savings campaign at its height, bank deposits continue to increase.

Sir Robert Kindersley maintains that neither the rich nor the poor are yet saving what they could and ought to do. He reproaches employers who won't "bother" to form savings groups among their staffs.

But he is still against any general scheme of compulsory saving, and so is JOHN BULL, *provided* that plain greed be penalised. We think the "little man" has done pretty well; we do not feel so sure that the large income groups have made a proportionate contribution.

Let them take warning in time!

After all, we are all in the same boat, bound upon the same perilous but high adventure. Each man must pull his weight; each is in honour bound to share and share alike.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

"...AND LIKE IT!"

IF you are acquainted with Peter Cheyney's famous character, Lemmy Caution, you will know that he is an able psychologist as well as being an ace G-man.

"Me—I am thorough," he once remarked. "When I do something, I do it *and like it*."

What a much better definition of thoroughness that is than the dictionary's cold statement that "thorough" means "complete, unqualified, not superficial." The dictionary may be correct, but Lemmy Caution has, in his own words, said a mouthful. He's given away one of life's most valuable secrets in three words!

You can't do anything really thoroughly unless you like doing it. That's why most people's hobbies are so much better done than their jobs! You see, without liking what you're doing you can't help having a divided mind. You'll be doing the job with part of your mind, while the other part is wishing you weren't doing it—or, at any rate, wishing you were doing something else.

You will, in fact, be a bit bored, and boredom is the slippery slide to inefficiency.

But aren't some jobs less interesting than others? Aren't some jobs just as interesting as others are dull? Well, the answers depend entirely on you. No job can be dull if you make it interesting. No job can be interesting if you persist in finding it dull.

Most people turn their work into drudgery by starting in with a sense of resentment at having to do it at all. That's their first mistake. Their second error is to wonder all the time how soon they can get away to something else.

Both these are attitudes of mind. They are not inherent in any job on earth. If you start off by looking for the best way in which a job can be done; if you begin by letting the job take all your energy and ingenuity, instead of only a part of it, the "liking" will automatically follow.

Then you'll be thorough—and there's no other way.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P., Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—Brighten factory life! Tell the workers just how their particular job is helping Britain to win!

Thereby a new zest will be given to the humdrum daily round, production pushed still higher.

The man to see that this is done, you've made a fine start.

Five fighter pilots who had saved their lives by parachute jumps recently called at a parachute factory to describe their experiences.

Other airmen have told engine fitters how the engines stand the tremendous strain of high-power dives.

Arrange such visits to every war factory!

As the Prime Minister has said, the amazing feats of our tanks "have shown us how closely and directly the working of factories at home is linked with the victories abroad."

It is not easy for a man or woman, engaged day after day on some small process on some small scrap of material, to realise how vital it is to the winning of a far-off battle.

Explanations by men whose lives depend on that apparently unimportant task are no less necessary than the provision of concerts for war workers. I can depend on you to see that they are forthcoming —JOHN BULL.

Mr. P. OLIVER, Liskeard R.D. Food Committee

DEAR SIR,—It will take more than the booty captured by General Wavell to surpass the riches of Army canteens in Cornwall.

You even report that in some camps 80 lb. cheeses are used to keep doors open.

To housewives who cannot get cheese for money or honeyed words, this may seem an extravagant way of providing homes for maggots.

It is certainly clear that even though Army quartermasters are familiar with such luxuries as cheese, chocolate and cigarettes, they do not know their onions. —JOHN BULL.

Sir GEORGE WILKINSON, Lord Mayor of London

MY LORD MAYOR,—No need to wonder how much of the City will be left when your year of office ends if the appalling apathy of which you speak continues.

Buildings are still left unoccupied at night, their doors locked.

As guilty as their owners are the authorities who delay in enforcing the Fire-watchers' Order.

They talk of "difficulties."

As they have power to overcome any difficulty, their hesitation is scandalous. —JOHN BULL.

CHIEF PAYMASTER, War Office

DEAR SIR,—For eight months a soldier has allotted his father 7s. a week, which has been deducted from his pay.

His father has not received a penny, nor an answer to his letter of protest.

I expect you are roguishly saving it to give him a lovely big treat after the war.

But it would be better still if you told him so.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. MARY HAMILTON, London, S.W.

DEAR MADAM,—Your wide experience of politics and social questions admirably fits you for your new job as assistant to Mr Arthur Greenwood.

No longer can he say that his department consists of "one man and a boy."

But I hope other appointments will be made to help him plan the Better Britain that we are determined to build after the war.

In this gigantic task of reconstruction, Mr. Greenwood should have a full staff of economic and social experts.

Mr. Churchill, please note.—JOHN BULL.

MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE, Northern Ireland

DEAR SIR,—Judging by its muddle, your Ministry seems to have started Spring-cleaning.

One woman has been sent a ration book for 42 chickens and a breeding sow.

Yet she keeps neither beasts nor fowls.

Dozens of people in the same district have received similar ration books for which they have no use.

If Northern Ireland has more feeding-stuffs than it knows what to do with, send some to the English farmers who can't get enough.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN, M.P., Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—Nurses are urgently needed for war service, so we have often been informed.

Yet I am still told of trained women whose applications have been "under consideration" for months.

I know a woman who controlled a large hospital in the last war and has wasted months in trying to get some job —even if it were to escort children overseas—in the present upheaval.

I can only hope that you, so recently made Britain's Health Chief, will quickly prove the adage that a new broom sweeps clean.—JOHN BULL.

The LORD MAYOR, Stoke-on-Trent

MY LORD MAYOR,—I am not surprised at the storm of protest sweeping your city.

To spend £200 on redecorating a rest-room for councillors is a frivolous waste of time and money when the country is fighting for its existence.

Moreover, one councillor declares that the tender was never submitted to the Town Halls Committee.

A strange and exasperating affair!—JOHN BULL.

Sir ROBERT GREIG, Children's Nutrition Council

DEAR SIR ROBERT,—Allowances for large families of Servicemen are not enough to ensure them adequate food. That, you say, is proved by the result so far obtained from a special enquiry.

Officialdom will probably answer that special grants are available. But I know that many highly deserving cases cannot obtain even an extra shilling a week.

It is monstrous that the nutrition of children whose fathers are fighting for us all should be left to private charity. —JOHN BULL.

The COUNTY COUNCIL, Glamorgan

GENTLEMEN,—Many of the schools in your county have allotments that grew a great deal of food in the last war.

Now they are barren and forgotten.

I am astonished that you have made no move to end this inexcusable neglect.

Older children would be glad, I am sure, to Dig for Victory.—JOHN BULL.

The CHIEF CONSTABLE, Liverpool

DEAR CHIEF,—A.F.S. men under your command have only one blanket each to sleep in unheated garages and similar posts.

Blankets are used by each shift and are rarely washed, so that the men often have unwanted and irritating company.

I have only to bring these complaints to your notice to secure a remedy.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Lord WOOLTON, Minister of Food

DEAR SIR,—A little point, but one worth your attention:

A shopkeeper buying eggs is charged 2s. 3d. on the crate, which is not returnable.

A wholesaler has a thousand such cases, which the official grading station refuses to take back.

Why must they be wasted when there is a shortage of raw materials?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. D. N. PRITT, K.C., M.P., North Hammersmith

DEAR MR. PRITT,—You claim that the people of this country want a Government that would make peace with Hitler.

Yet you refuse to resign your seat and offer yourself for re-election, thus giving Hammersmith folk a chance to say whether they agree with your views.

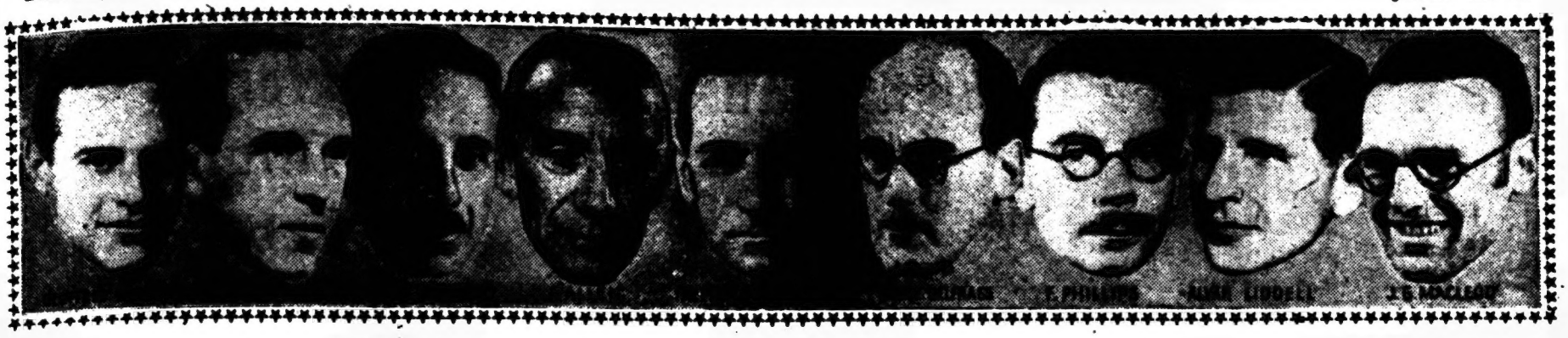
Are you frightened of the result?—JOHN BULL.

General SIKORSKI, Prime Minister of Poland

DEAR GENERAL,—Excellent news that a fleet of ships, bought by Polish money and manned entirely by Poles, will soon be at sea.

This generous aid is no less notable than the valour of your countrymen who are fighting by land, sea and air.

Britain will not forget.—JOHN BULL.



BOMBS CAN'T STOP THEM!

WHEN the strange story of this war comes to be engraved on the pages of history it will be told in phrases made popular all over the English-speaking world by a small band of radio announcers.

Some of these phrases are so stereotyped that they are used more glibly than the pre-war weather bulletins, yet they never lose the sense of drama bestowed on them by the announcers.

For one thing, the war has made the once "too refeened" anonymous announcers into friendly personalities, known to us by name. They don't need to announce themselves now.

They no longer speak to us with a "Neshn'l programme" sort of voice. Instead they speak with a brisk "Good morning to you, if you've just tuned in."

Yet there has been some confusion since they began reading out their own names.

A Bedford listener wrote angrily to Broadcasting House asking why the *British* Broadcasting Corporation should employ a man with such an American name as "Al Barley Dell"!

They Read the News

Alvar Liddell, Joseph McLeod, Alan Howland, Bruce Belfrage, Frederick Allen, Frank Phillips and Geoffrey Wincott are now doing all the news announcing.

What has happened to all the old-time announcers?

Where are the "golden-voiced" Stuart Hibberd, Freddie Grisewood, K. J. Maconochie (Birmingham's former favourite announcer), and so on?

Even though supposed to be anonymous, they all had "fans."

At the outbreak of war, announcers were given specialised jobs, and a B.B.C. department was formed to handle news.

John Snagge, Outside Broadcast expert, was put in charge of the "news-readers."

He once gave outdoor broadcasts, pioneered the Boat Race commentaries and was an announcer.

But as head of the news-reading team he does not read news himself.

He has recently been acting as a pronunciation expert, deciding how his men are to tackle such problems as "Argyrocastro," "Lvov," "Nafka" and all the various "oozis" that the Middle East campaign has produced!

Most of those who now read out their names are not new announcers.

Alan Howland, who has been a news-reader since the third month of the war, is an old member of the B.B.C. staff.

He joined in 1926.

You may remember him as an Uncle Columbus in the Children's Hour.

He left to join British Movietone in 1932, but returned to the B.B.C.

Hero of Bomb Night

Belfrage, hero of the night when the bomb dropped on Broadcasting House, has been on the staff since 1935. He was an announcer, and tackled various jobs for the Drama department. He is a useful chap.

For one thing, he speaks German as correctly as any Aryan-blooded Nazi.

Even Geoffrey Wincott, whose name seems new to some people, has been connected with the B.B.C. since 1938.

Once a radio actor, he became an announcer on the overseas programme, is now settling down on the Home and Forces news.

Although he is thirty-eight, listeners comment on his boyish voice.

Among Manchester's pet announcers in pre-war days, Frederick Allen, the man with the "seafaring" voice, is now news-reading He was at Manchester for eighteen months.

In the R.N.V.R. during the last war, he has been professional manager for Boosey and Hawkes, the music publishers, member of a vocal quartette, an actor, and so on.

He has packed a wealth of variety into his fifty years, and even at the height of the "Blitz" London news-reading is not so thrilling to him.

Frank Phillips has been the victim of a war time scandal rumour.

An announcer in pre-war days, he read war bulletins, announcing his name on the air.

Later he was offered a special job at an out-of-town studio.

Although still on the air every day, he didn't announce his name.

Stupid rumours were circulated.

"He's been arrested as a spy," was one version.

They Didn't Listen

Then it was said, "A Fifth Columnist shot him while he was at the microphone."

Phillips was broadcasting every day, but rumour-mongers didn't bother to listen.

Stuart Hibberd is still Chief Announcer.

Soon after war started he was sent to Bristol.

Andrew Stuart Hibberd has been on the air for 26,000 hours during his time with the B.B.C. He joined in the Savoy Hill days (the B.B.C. was then two years old), when he frequently handled the entire day's programmes, dashing from one studio to another, announcing the news, rushing off to the big No. 7 studio to announce Jack Payne or variety.

Yet, as in the Savoy Hill days, Stuart will trill a bar or two as he walks down the corridor before broadcasting.

He still has his own pet receipes for throat "soothers."

Matron makes it up for him at the B.B.C clinic, and other announcers use it when there's a "rheum" in the air that might make their tonsils ticklish.

B.B.C. SECRETS

A RADIO EX-OFFICIAL, who has been given permission to reveal vital B.B.C. war time secrets, starts a series of articles that will take you into the studios to watch the work of the men who bring you the news, the laughter and music even when bombs are shaking the foundations of Broadcasting House.

All announcers wear dinner jackets in the evening now. But Hibberd has always done so.

Once when he was reading the news a strange crackle superimposed itself on the broadcast.

The engineer on duty in the control room jumped to the control desk.

Telephone lines crackled.

Reserve amplifiers were hastily switched in.

Was there a microphone lead loose?

Was there a sudden fault in one of the 6,000 joints in the amplifier circuits?

An engineer dashed down to the studio intent on taking a hasty glance at the wiring.

He half-opened the door, then crept away again.

Back to the control room, he entered in the official log-book: "9.14 p.m. Crackle due to announcer's shirt-front."

No plum-in-the-mouth announcer, Stuart comes near to being the average man's idea of a B.B.C. official, public school, Varsity, a dash of the old school tie, and a dash of the Army.

He also favours spats.

He was a choral exhibitioner at St. John's, Cambridge, where at least one other announcer was educated, and served at Gallipoli, in "Mespot," and on the North-West Frontier.

Hibberd endeared himself by his sympathetic bulletins during the illness of King George V.

Despite late hours, he loves to live deep in the Surrey countryside, and the Southern Railway once ran a special train for his benefit when the last train from Victoria steamed out before time.

In non-official moments he sings, and has appeared in variety occasionally in the Children's Hour.

Comments Included!

Only once in the B.B.C.'s war time history has the dignity of the Chief Announcer been ruffled.

A junior announcer, asked to write an opera synopsis in modern language, dictated his story to a B.B.C. secretary, who added helpful notes of her own in the rough copy.

Semi-sarcastic comments were encouraged, because they were supposed to give the average listener's point of view.

If the announcer-author had made the incidents too realistic—graphically describing how the hero takes the heroine in his arms, for instance—the secretary would probably comment "Gee!"

When the "rough" was read the comments were noted and a clean copy was made.

One day the uncensored scripts were passed to the senior announcer.

Blandly he began to read the script, comments and all, until at last it dawned on him that these interpolations were not in keeping with the dignity of grand opera!

Since the war hundreds of men have applied for jobs as announcers.

In a sound-proof room the would-be announcer has to read extracts from newspapers and titles of foreign songs.

In another room experts listen. John Snagge is among the judges.

Application Revised

Strangest instance of all is that of pretty Eileen Bennett, who went to the B.B.C. to ask for a part in a radio play job—and came away as a deputy announcer.

An attractive windswept blonde from Shropshire, Eileen lived in a London girls' club, and studied acting.

First the B.B.C. asked her to give an imaginary commentary on the Boon-Danahar fight

"This was most embarrassing," says Eileen, "because I know nothing about boxing."

Next they asked her to recite the Lord's Prayer, then a list of almost unpronounceable names.

"Sorry, there's no radio play part for you," they said, "but we would like you to deputise for one of our other women announcers. . . ."

News-readers usually have an hour in which to study the bulletins before facing the microphone. This gives them time to consult John Snagge's "black book," in which all announcers enter difficult words day by day.

When Bernard Shaw broadcast some time ago he used the word "futile," pronouncing it "few-tile."

The B.B.C. official pronunciation is "Few-till."

"Ajax" Farrar, announcing, reminded G. B. S. of the official list, which the playwright himself had helped to create.

"Why, my dear boy," beamed Shaw, "those pronouncements are for you at the B.B.C. Surely you don't think anybody else would ever use them!"

The Chicago Touch!

Frank Phillips was said to have been shot, but Grisewood really has been shot at!

When he was driving back to the B.B.C. one night a bullet shattered the windscreen of his car.

Within a few minutes police cars were out, but the assailant got away.

All through the "Blitz" announcers have been sleeping in their living quarters near the news studios.

Each news-reader comes on duty in time for the six o'clock news, reads all the bulletins through till 8 a.m. next morning, snatching five hours' sleep after the midnight news.

Then he goes off for twenty-four hours.

NEXT WEEK:
"Radio Reporters on the Air."

NEWS FROM NAZI PRISON CAMPS

★ ***Germany has more than 1,500,000 prisoners of war in camps within the frontiers of the Reich, among them 50,000 Britons. This is how they are living and how they are treated. Most of them have no complaints—yet***

Nazi authorities don't believe in keeping their prisoners of war in idleness, and these British soldiers, detailed to work in the mine, are receiving instructions from an official

PICTURE a group of squat, yellow buildings on a flat, sandy waste. Dotted at several points around the barbed wire that encircles the buildings are wooden structures, large hunting-boxes on wooden stakes.

They are the look-out posts.

They have windows on all sides, and through them hang the muzzles of machine-guns.

Each look-out post is equipped with a searchlight.

Within the barbed-wire enclosure live 50,000 prisoners of war, in conditions that are typical of such camps all over Germany.

Germans call them "Stalag," short for "Stammlager," or main camps.

Officer prisoners go to "Oflag" (Offizierslager"), or officers' camps.

French and British soldiers can be seen working on the road that runs alongside the camp.

Heartbreaking Task

They are filling in potholes, smoothing the surface, planting small bushes on each side of the road, engaged in the heartbreaking task of trying to convert a desert into fruitful land.

Germany does not believe in keeping prisoners idle, and there is nothing in the Geneva Convention to prevent prisoners being employed in this way.

The prisoners' day begins at 7 a.m.

They climb down from their bunks, installed in tiers of three around the walls of the big bare room, tidy their straw mattresses, take toothbrushes and other toilet requisites from the one bag in which all their belongings must be squeezed, and muster for washing under the pumps in the courtyard.

The sergeant of the guard takes the roll-call, and then the prisoners are escorted back for breakfast—a cup of coffee substitute and a piece of black bread.

This takes only a few minutes to eat.

Duties for the day are then read out.

Some prisoners are directed to the kitchen to help the German cook to prepare the one-dish mid-day meal—potatoes (and on some days meat), cooked with other vegetables, ladled into the square dish given each prisoner.

Others go to the sorting office.

Fifty thousand men receive quite a lot of letters and parcels.

"Clumsy" Amateurs

About 120 men are employed under a German bootmaker, who grumbles at what he calls their "clumsiness," in nailing wooden soles on to prisoners' boots in need of repair.

Another group is employed in repairing clothes.

The remainder are marched away to continue their land reclamation, excavating or any other work that the Prisoner of War Department of the German High Command has specified.

Begrimed and weary, the men return to their prison as darkness falls, eat their supper of bread and margarine with a piece of sausage, and spend the rest of the evening until "Lights Out" at 10 p.m. in writing, or attending language classes.

Boredom is the bugbear of prison camps.

Some prisoners have their teeth attended by a prisoner-dentist, although he has only the most primitive workshop.

Others study the most complicated sciences, if the prison camp is fortunate enough to have a library from which they can borrow.

Preferred to any prison camp is transfer to an *Arbeitskommando* (working party).

Better Conditions

Under the command of a sergeant, a dozen prisoners are allocated to farms or factories away from the camp.

They are paid for their work, subject to large deductions for Nazi Party funds.

The officer-prisoner is much better off than the private.

While the privates are housed in barrack-camps, officers are lodged in old castles, institutions and any other convenient building.

About 1,200 officers are in a famous "Oflag" two hours by motor-car from Berlin.

Two long red buildings of a former lunatic asylum provide quarters, while the space between the buildings, which is closed by barbed-wire at each end, is the recreation-ground.

Every officer-prisoner gets the same pay as a German officer of equivalent rank.

A captain is paid 2 marks 90 pfennigs a day (pre-war value about 4s. 6d.), which he can spend in the canteen on books, newspapers, tobacco or drinks.

Germans can afford to be generous with the pay of French officers captured, because the French Government remits the upkeep of prisoners.

Officers live in rooms in groups of from two to a dozen men.

Germans give preference in accommodation to soldiers who served in the last war.

Officers spend their time reading, studying, and, in darker moments, brooding. They do not have to work.

Red Cross officials who have visited some of the 120 prisoner-of-war camps in Germany say that the greatest day in the men's lives is the arrival of letters from home.

When a letter arrives for a prisoner, his number is chalked on a big blackboard in the prison sorting office.

The prisoner then goes to the counter and his letter or parcel is opened in the presence of a German sergeant.

Germans make a practice of studying letters written by the prisoners to their folks at home, not only because of any information they may contain, but also because it gives them an indication of how the prisoner is standing up to life in the camp.

If no letters are received for a long time, the camp becomes restless; nothing can cure the men's depression.

British prisoners, when asked what they thought of prisoner-of-war life, all said, "When are we going to be set free?"

Of the food, they added: "Not bad—for Germany."

Luckiest men are those in prison hospitals suffering from wounds or other illnesses likely to make them unfit for further combatant service.

Inspected by a commission of Red Cross and German doctors, occasionally they are released under an exchange agreement.

No Complaints Yet

Although most of the prisoners have to work hard for their keep, they don't seem to have suffered unduly so far.

But as the war becomes more intense they will feel the backwash of hatred.

This happened in the last war.

Much depends now on the attitude of the men for whom they must work.

Some men have a hard time.

If they are allocated to a working party under a bullying German sergeant life can be a misery.

Those allocated to farms and peasant homes get better food and greater liberty if their employer is a decent civilian.

Britain has too many German prisoners of war for the Nazis to play any monkey tricks with our Tommies.

The French, on the other hand, have no such guarantee.

Thousands of miserable Frenchmen in occupied France stare with bloodshot eyes over barbed-wire barriers at the country that was once their homeland.

Heroes of Atlantic Ferry

ON a huge frozen Canadian flying-field stands a big American bomber, engines roaring. Across the ground heavy motor-rollers have compressed a solid, packed-snow runway.

A young Canadian pilot clambers into the cockpit, unrecognisable in his double flying-suits.

He "revs" the engines, gives the take-off signal, and the machine, burdened with tons of petrol, lumbers along the snow-path.

"So-long, feller!" shouts another pilot. "See you in London to-morrow...."

A few days ago that bomber left its factory in far-off sunny California, thousands of miles away.

In ten hours' time its pilot will be thawing himself with hot tea in a British aerodrome. A few days later an R.A.F. pilot will be flying it, with a load of bombs, over Nazi Germany.

* * *

The stream of American aircraft is now flowing fast, thanks to that brave little band of volunteers, British, Canadian and American, who run the North Atlantic Air Ferry Service.

Theirs is not the fiery courage of the fighter pilot, but the cold-blooded toughness that laughs at the lonely, frozen trip across 2,000 miles of ocean, without benefit of radio or weather reports, perhaps battling against Atlantic gales, with ice weighing down the wings.

And no glory at the end of it!

Little has been revealed about this dramatic air-service. But it was announced that four types of big American aircraft, three bombers and a flying boat, are now crossing regularly under their own power, and that, according to American sources, 400 urgently needed aircraft had reached us without a single loss.

Four hundred transatlantic hops!

But this is only the beginning.

Within six months, according to one expert, three thousand machines will have been flown across.

Hitler threatens intensive U-boat blockade. But the Air Ferry will be safe. He cannot blockade millions of cubic miles of sky.

* * *

At present a handful of pilots is running the Ferry.

Many of them used to fly air-liners over well-marked, lit and equipped airlines before the war.

Among the Ferry men is Capt. D. C. T. Bennett, who flew the Mercury pick-a-back 'plane across the Atlantic and back in 1938.

He should know his job.

So should Capt. A. G. Store, who has piloted Empire flying boats to Newfoundland and back. And several others from Imperial and British Airways.

The Canadian base, probably the most important airport in the Empire, was hacked out of the deserted forest land three years ago at a cost of £1,000,000, and equipped with the most elaborate radio and technical equipment in the world.

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

JAPAN'S RISKY GAME

Events in the Mediterranean must not blind us to what is happening elsewhere. One leg of the Axis tripod has given way under Hitler and a new strategy is thrust on him. Will this mean that he widens the scope of the war to the Pacific? asks

A. G. GARDINER

BRITAIN is master of the Mediterranean. The threat to the Suez has vanished. Italy lies open to attack on every side. We have a foothold and a brave ally in Greece.

Hitler's plans for the invasion of this country are put out of joint by the collapse of Mussolini. Pétain is still at Vichy and the French fleet and the French colonies are powerful bargaining counters in his hand.

Finally, the tidal-wave in the United States is rising, and, as it rises, our position in the critical sphere of the Atlantic improves.

Hitler is meeting the new situation in two ways. He is trying to stop the rot in South-Eastern Europe by taking over Mussolini's task in Italy and the Mediterranean and by forcing events in the Balkans.

His other expedient is to widen the scope of the war to the Pacific.

IN A REAL SENSE, THIS WAR BEGAN THERE JUST TEN YEARS AGO. FOR IT WAS THE JAPANESE INVASION OF MANCHURIA IN 1931 THAT STARTED THE CONFLAGRATION THAT LEAPT FROM MANCHURIA TO ABYSSINIA, FROM ABYSSINIA TO SPAIN, AND FROM SPAIN TO CENTRAL EUROPE.

Though Japan is not yet officially at war on the side of Hitler it does not mean that she is not in fact at war on his side. For that matter, she is not officially at war with anybody—not even with China.

But every move in the Japanese game throughout has been co-ordinated with the game of Hitler. Both have the same goal in view. That goal is the destruction of the British Empire and the joint domination of the world.

Japan's share of the loot would be Asia and the Pacific. Germany's would be Europe and the Atlantic.

The absorption of Africa would be a mere by-product of the adventure.

The fate of the Americas would be decided when the British Empire was brushed out of the way and the two conquering powers swooped from east and west upon their ultimate quarry.

What would happen if the filibusters conquered the world and faced each other for the final round may be left to the imagination.

It is enough here to grasp clearly what the programme is and the methods by which it would be fulfilled. For all practical purposes Japan and Germany are one. Every step taken by either is taken in concert with the other.

While it served Hitler's purpose Japan stayed out of the Axis. When it became clear that America was drifting to our side, she joined the Axis.

The object was twofold: (1) to keep the United States out of the war by fear of Japan; (2) to divert American production power from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

But the trick did not avail. The United States was not intimidated. Every day since has brought that country more decisively into the British orbit.

President Roosevelt has taken his stand against all dictatorships, and has declared that the function of his country is to be "the arsenal of democracy." And he has an overwhelming and growing public opinion behind him.

Faced with this formidable fact and the calamitous collapse of Mussolini on the Mediterranean front, Hitler wants the war extended to the Pacific.

He looks to Japan to draw the American fire and keep her resources away from the European and Atlantic theatre of the war.

And signs are not wanting that Japan is preparing to fall into step with Berlin.

Ever since November there has been a vital

After four years of war, Japan is no nearer defeating the wily Chiang Kai-shek, a noble leader whose name will never fade from the memories of the enemies of aggression

and significant change in Japan's war on China. Air raids on Chungking and the province of Szechuen have ceased. The Japanese Air Force in China has been reduced by more than half.

Warlike operations have become negligible. There has been a great withdrawal of Japanese troops from North and Central China, and in South China the few remaining Japanese positions are loosely held and fighting has practically ceased. Even the naval blockade along the coast is relaxed.

AND the meaning? At the first blush it might be assumed that Japan is weakening. She has been at war four years and is still no nearer bringing Chiang Kai-shek to surrender. May she not be loosening her hold in despair?

NO, SHE IS ON ANOTHER TACK. SHE IS MARCHING SOUTH. SHE IS HASTENING WITH ALL SPEED TO ESTABLISH HER MASTERY OF THE PACIFIC WHILE WE ARE TIED TO THE MEDITERRANEAN AND THE ATLANTIC, AND BEFORE THE UNITED STATES IS SUFFICIENTLY ALARMED TO TAKE EFFECTIVE ACTION.

Already her grip is on French Indo-China and Siam. She is within striking distance of the Malay Peninsula and Singapore. The Philippines are at her mercy. The Dutch East Indies are threatened.

Her object, as Matsuoka has declared, is to establish an Empire from Vladivostock to Oceania.

If she does that her command of the Pacific will give her the hegemony of Asia.

Meanwhile, the pause in China does not mean that the artful Matsuoka is idle there. Under Nazi inspiration, which is as dominant in Tokyo as it is in Rome, he is applying the Hitler technique to the enemy.

He aims at undermining Chiang Kai-shek's authority by Fifth Column methods and by creating division in his ranks

And no one can see the clashes between the Communist elements in North China and the Government forces without concern.

If this menace in the Pacific is to be overcome there is not a moment to lose. Already the Japanese have established a position in the Far East and the Pacific that would have been unthinkable four years ago.

They possess the whole eastern coast of Asia as completely as Hitler possesses the western coast of Europe.

ONE fact stands out in stark clearness. The fate of China (and of Asia) depends on one man. Chiang Kai-shek alone holds China together and the Japanese at bay.

He alone bars the direct access of the Japanese Army to Siam, Burma and the gates of India. If he yielded, the doom of Asia would be sealed, and with it the doom of much else.

But this heroic man will not yield—on one condition. "Give him the tools, and he will do the job," as Mr. Churchill says.

But he must have the tools. It is because he has been starved of them, because he has had to fight machines with flesh and blood, that his cities and his people have suffered as no people in history have suffered before.

IN THIS VITAL MATTER IT IS THE UNITED STATES ALONE THAT CAN GIVE EFFECTIVE HELP. AND WE HAVE PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S ASSURANCE THAT THAT HELP WILL BE GIVEN WITHOUT FEAR OF ANY CONSEQUENCES FROM GIVING IT.

The next point concerns America, too. It was her fault no less than ours that the crime in Manchuria ten years ago was allowed to pass and to set the world in flames.

Now, at this late hour, it is she who must help us to save the Pacific from becoming a Japanese lake.

In Singapore we have the most formidable naval and air base in the Central Pacific. In normal circumstances we could from that great fortress preserve the freedom of the Pacific unaided.

But to-day we have all the seas of the world and around our own shores to defend against the murderous assaults of a lawless enemy. And if Singapore is to preserve the freedom of the Pacific and of all the lands enclosed by the Pacific, it must become the common "arsenal of democracy" for both Britain and the United States.

Next, if open war is extended to the Pacific, what of Russia? Can Japan buy her off at one extremity as Germany seeks to buy her off at the other?

Russia has as much concern in the freedom of the Pacific as we or America have. Moreover, she has been consistently helpful to China and loyal to Chiang Kai-shek.

All her interests lie in preventing Asia and the Pacific falling under the despotic rule of Japan. And now is the moment when that fate can be averted from both.

Finally, events in the Far East hang upon events nearer home.

If we can follow up the magnificent deeds in the Mediterranean with a succession of such blows, Japan will hesitate before she commits her destiny altogether to Hitler and Ribbentrop.

SOLVE RENT CHAOS THIS WAY

CHAOS is now a landlord. He holds more British homes than even the wealthiest owner of property. And, until the grasping fingers with which he now grips so many small houses are prised loose, tenants and landlords will continue to suffer.

For eighteen months the War Grants Advisory Committee of the Ministry of Pensions has been trying to conquer Chaos. It has been in vain.

Even at the risk of being criticised for suggesting that yet another local organisation should be created, I would advocate that the only way out of the rent muddle is the formation of simple local tribunals, equipped to settle all problems.

Wise landlords have agreed that tenants hit by the war should pay only half their rent

In reviewing a thousand applications a day, the War Grants Advisory Committee covers only those problems presented through men being unable to pay their commitments out of Service pay.

But rent problems do not only arise among men in the Services.

The plight of the civilian whose earnings have decreased through war time conditions should be considered.

He can't apply to the War Grants Advisory Committee.

Then there is the landlord whose income has dwindled because his tenants have run away. He has no redress.

Hundreds of thousands of families have simply packed their portable possessions and disappeared. They have slipped away from flats and houses in residential districts, leaving nearly 50 per cent. of the property unoccupied.

Wise landlords, rather than lose everything, have agreed that tenants whose incomes have fallen should pay only half the rent demanded in their agreement.

What They Can Afford

Typical of these landlords, Earl Winterton has notified tenants on his Stepney, East London, estates that they need pay only as much as they can afford.

It was said: "He fully appreciates the difficulties that have been created by the war. We would ask you to make such payments as you find possible."

Shopkeepers, renting smart premises in famous shopping centres, have suffered through evacuation and the reduced spending power.

Yet they are faced with the same overhead expenses and large rentals.

Many landlords are holding out for their full pound of flesh.

A lead to a more reasonable way of settling the problem was given by the Brighton Corporation in cutting the rents of business premises, let at £692, to £350 a year.

Local Decisions

Only local committees, functioning in business neighbourhoods and suburbs, can decide to what extent reductions should be made.

Only a committee, taking into consideration local conditions, can hope to settle such problems so that neither tenant nor landlord suffers more than is necessary.

Tenants and landlords must be given a common ground on which they can discuss their difficulties.

They will benefit only by working together. They should not be enemies.

Such a committee would help the man who has to go on paying a building society for his house, even though he has been bombed out and forced to pay rent for another home.

Despite this extra expense, the building society will have first claim on any compensation paid for the bombed house after the war.

Such committees would help those persons who have been victimised by the country cottage sharks.

People from bombed towns are willing to pay high rents for cottages in "safe" areas.

They persuade rural landlords to find some means of emptying cottages.

Even though wives of soldiers should be protected, they are frequently turned out of their homes "to make room for additional workers."

Often these newcomers are wealthy evacuees.

When such instances of exploitation are brought to the attention of local Benches, victimised families find that friends and relatives of the landlords about whom they are complaining are entrusted with hearing their appeals!

Cottagers Turned Out

Evacuated city firms, taking over large estates in country districts, have made cottage families find other homes at higher rentals.

The tied-cottage no longer exists in many districts.

On the other hand, cottagers asked to take in "lodgers" whose firms have moved their headquarters into the country have asked extortionate rents.

Mean country persons have preyed on the wives of soldiers who wanted homes in safe areas.

Only local committees, in full possession of these facts, can see to it that the cottage families are protected from unscrupulous landlords and that evacuees are in turn protected from grasping cottagers.

There is no other solution for the great rent problem.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Miss Anne S. Childs, of Sicery Avenue, Sheffield, has been awarded this week's guinea.

Like many housewives, she has written to me concerning my exposures of Food Price rackets.

I am always glad to receive such information.

Address letters to me personally, but mark your envelopes: "Public Benefactor."

German News Factories

FAKE-NEWS agencies, subsidised by Goebbels, are endangering British prestige abroad by issuing sensational anti-British propaganda in the form of news.

Most of them have been established in Scandinavia.

Their best market is America—North and South—where any news of the war is eagerly accepted without any effort being made to test its veracity.

Although the Ministry of Information does all it can to warn newspaper publishers abroad of the activities of these Nazi-inspired agencies, it often helps them by delaying the publication of important news.

* * *

Frequently news items submitted by American correspondents in this country are not passed by the censor until it is too late for them to catch either morning or evening editions in the States.

Meantime, false news, inspired by Goebbels, is shot across the Atlantic.

Rather than miss the news completely, American newspapers and magazines carry the pro-Nazi messages, and are unable to deny the despatches they have already published when the Ministry of Information in this country eventually releases correct versions.

Many fake news items with definite anti-British bias have been traced to the S.T.B. (Scandinavian Telegram Bureau) offices in Stockholm.

This agency has no London correspondent, yet it is always sending messages across the Atlantic to newspapers in North and South America bearing the name of a "special correspondent in London."

* * *

This mysterious correspondent has sent some sensational exclusive news items to South America, describing air-raid panic in British cities, violent air battles in which British aircraft have suffered overwhelming defeat, and false losses among British naval units.

Such doubtful agencies as the "Scandia Press" have even interviewed non-existent British fighter pilots.

Attempts have been made to substantiate these propaganda lies by faked photographs, also circulated by mysterious agencies in neutral countries.

They are so eager to have their material published that they almost give photographs away. Yet they seem to flourish financially.

These bogus agency despatches are obviously written by experienced newspapermen.

In the midst of the news there is subtle propaganda, and one news story in perfect Spanish sent to a South American newspaper was found when analysed to be a well-prepared appeal to South American Germans to support the Nazi war effort.

* * *

Even the most cautious editors can be fooled by this flow of trans-oceanic Nazi-news, and an American magazine that sells widely in Britain actually published the photograph of a burned-out Junkers 88 that had been foisted on it as the wreck of a British aircraft shot down over France.

A close relative of the manager of the Goebbels' Propaganda agency in Berlin engineers similar little "scoops."

South Americans, financed by Nazi organisations, are always trying to visit this country to get "inside stories."

And even though the Ministry of Information uses the B.B.C. instantly to correct misleading information rushed across the Atlantic by these pirate news agencies, British prestige still suffers needlessly through the machinations of the lie-factories.

HOW TO BE A BRIGHT M.P.!

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL will no doubt share my amusement at one of the strange new organisations that has bubbled up in the flux of war.

For the Prime Minister was not a bright boy at school.

He had difficulty in passing examinations.

So Mr. Churchill, I feel sure, would not have done well in the special school that the Chartered Politics Association wishes to create for would-be M.P.s and local councillors.

He might have managed to win one of the Association's "Certificates of Competency" (third class) for budding politicians.

But I don't suppose he would have passed with honours.

According to this all-wise Association, British statesmen during the last fifty years have been a poor lot.

Their brains "remained upon a dangerously low level of ignorance."

So some sort of college is proposed as the best way to attract men with "trained, disciplined brains and the finest characters" to politics!

It is also suggested that, if the idea appeals to you, you should send half-a-crown to cover "printing and postage costs, etc.," to the Association at 46, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

No. 46 is just an accommodation address.

The prime mover to teach our politicians their A B C is a Miss Lyn Hamilton, who lives in a cottage near Bideford, North Devon.

I dare say she means well.

But I cannot honestly advise you to send her half-a-crown for the purpose of bringing up politicians in the way they should go.

There are more immediate calls on our charity.

Every man working to-day in the Army's G.P.O. is a fully-trained infantryman, works with his rifle beside him, can at once take the field with the comrades whose letters he handles in case of invasion

"HOPING THIS FINDS YOU . . ."

WHAT is the happiest moment in the life of a soldier out in that baking, septic expanse they call the Libyan Desert?

Pay parade?

I don't think so.

I should say it is that moment when the post orderly, recently arrived from the advanced field post-office, says: "Yes, there's a letter for you!"

Surely it is the same the moment the letter-box clicks, and there lies on the mat, dirty, smudged, travel-worn, a letter that is unmistakably from *him*.

These are the jewels, fur coats and Rolls-Royces of war time.

No soldier, no soldier's wife or mother, would dare to hope for any greater gift.

Yet heartbroken wives and mothers write to tell us of months with letters unanswered. The Army's own G.P.O. itself receives eighty such complaints every day.

And one begins to wonder whether the Army Post Office is callous, or merely indifferent.

Well, I have just visited the headquarters of that service, the British Army's Mount Pleasant, so to speak.

I was given every facility to ask what I like, and see what I like.

I wish I could have taken those news-starved wives and mothers with me.

They would soon have realised that to see all is to understand all—and that, anyhow, there is nothing to forgive.

I found this vast G.P.O. in a provincial town.

It was ringed with armed sentries.

Letters to active service soldiers and airmen, posted in all the civilian pillar-boxes of Britain, were being hustled in scores of thousands up a canvas chute to an upper room.

I followed them—by stairs!

I found deft soldiers carrying out the "Primary Sort."

They were putting into different piles letters intended for infantry, cavalry, artillery, tanks, Canadians, "Amps," Indians, and so on.

Those insufficiently addressed were left in a compartment labelled "Blind."

I looked at six of these "blind" letters.

One was addressed to Jess Lowe (that is the actual name), Soldier, England; another to Signalman Wilkins, England; a third to Private Burt, Home Depot; a fourth to J. Noon, Royal Artilleryman.

Nothing more!

One letter was actually addressed to "A soldier named Jackson who is tall and has dark, curly hair."

Such letters will be sent back to the senders, of course.

But where the address gives the Army Post Office a mere dog's chance of delivering the letter, it will try its best.

I was shown the result of some of these efforts.

The letters had been readdressed from one place to another until there wasn't an inch envelope space left to put on another address—and even then clean, white labels would be attached and the letters sent on their wanderings once more.

Some envelopes bore the names and

I SAW FOR MYSELF
By Maurice Fagence

numbers of soldiers followed by mysterious symbols.

These enable the Army Post Office to trace a soldier when he is moving about all over the face of the world.

He may be put on draft for overseas. Every member of the draft will be given one of those curious sets of six letters.

Wherever the draft is due to arrive to-morrow, their mailbag will arrive to-day, even if nobody in the draft should know where he is going.

"PRIMARY Sort" finished, the mail is then broken down into units, each unit's mail being put into a separate bag and sealed with a lead seal.

I stood reflectively over one such bag.

When the seal of that bag is broken, it will be in Benghazi, with hundreds of British troops crowding round, each hoping against hope that somewhere in that fat sack is just one important letter for him.

Into little green bags went the registered letters—each letter to be signed for on each stage of its journey, even if it is going to the farthest-forward soldier in the British Army in Libya.

If such a letter were stolen under the nose of the enemy, the Army Post Office could find out exactly what had happened to it—and would!

One chain of enquiries ended at the point where a post orderly who had signed for a registered letter handed it over to a motor-cycle despatch-rider.

"Here, you're going up to that lonely outpost at ——, aren't you?" he said. "Give this to old Jelf."

And he handed the letter over without getting a signature.

The Army Post Office in England found that after accepting that letter the despatch-rider was blown to bits by a shell.

The fate of the letter is fairly certain—but the A.P.O. still worries about its little unsolved mystery.

AND now news was brought to me that the mail for Iceland was just going out.

Would I care to see the stacks of letters and piles of parcels, some of which had gone through the Army Post Office's "parcel hospital" to fit them for the long journey?

And here a private word to *you*.

If you have any wooden or tin boxes, anything useful for parcels to soldiers abroad, hunt out some soldier's relative and give them to her.

Many parcels are in a sad state before they reach this Army G.P.O. Looking at them, you realise how difficult it is to get suitable packing material.

I had a peculiar personal interest in the next room I visited.

This department makes sure that no postal packet is returned to the sender inscribed "Killed," "Missing," or "Prisoner of War" until it has been ascertained that the family in question has been properly notified of its loss.

A letter addressed to me in the last war was sent back to my home crudely inscribed with the word "Missing."

So I know how much suffering will be spared by this simple act of humanity.

It would be impossible to describe in full the care taken by the Army Post Office of the letters entrusted to it. At no time does it distinguish between a message to a general and another to a private.

I saw a dossier of about fifty messages, all dealing with the problem of delivering a letter to a private soldier.

It reached him all right in the end.

They are not "soft wallahs," these army postmen.

They do the same parades and drills as infantrymen.

They work with their rifles beside them.

They will use those rifles if the need arises.

They are fighting men.

To them, therefore, the letters they handle are the greatest personal treasures of comrades in arms.

Swaffer Lifts the Lid

WHAT IS THE PREMIER'S SECRET?

● For at least three or four days after his latest broadcast people could be heard discussing Churchill's speech, in public-houses, omnibuses, tubes and in the streets.

"Why is this?" I am asked.

The truth is that, for his speeches to world-wide radio audiences, Winston Churchill has developed a style very different from that of his old Parliamentary manner.

He has learned to make a most complicated war situation understood by the least educated person.

This has never been done before by a national leader.

To give the United States a phrase that he knew would be splashed in the headlines right across the United States, Winston spoiled the peroration of his latest radio speech. He used the words:

"We shall not fail or falter. We shall not weaken or starve. Neither the sudden shock of battle nor the long-drawn trials of vigilance and exertion will wear us down."

These words were so phrased that they were worthy of being classed with almost anything in the Bible.

Then Winston spoiled it with the anti-climax: "Give us the tools and we will finish the job."

Still, he knew that this was more important than any flight of oratory.

* * *

WHY ARE GOVERNMENT CHANGES ANNOUNCED AT WEEK-ENDS?

● Originally, no doubt, it was because some Cabinet change was expected to cause a row. By issuing the news on Friday night, when the House had risen, the Premier of that time gave the Commons three days in which to cool down before reassembling on Tuesday.

Besides, as Parliament's sitting is short on Fridays, the report of the debate is shorter. There is more room in which to give the new Ministers due publicity.

Sometimes they don't like it.

* * *

HOW DOES WAR "FIND" PEOPLE OUT?

● Any hour of urgency does that.

But, in a war, the time of stress is drawn out for much longer than during any other major happening.

A shipwreck puts a severe test on people's characters. So does the sudden emergency of a fire, or a train wreck.

Yet, more than anything, the long period of strain that starts when war breaks out searches out the inmost qualities of the human heart, proves which are the competent and which of us are no good.

Indeed, it imposes on millions the strain endured by a few who find themselves castaways on a desert island.

War finds everything out—people, systems, castes and creeds.

* * *

HOW ARE PUBLIC RELATIONS OFFICERS RECRUITED?

● That is a question the Government cannot answer. Some of them are young men from Fleet Street who might be much better employed in fighting than in swanking about in Brass Hat finery.

Others are older men, usually more able.

At the War Office, Hore-Belisha made Ian Hay Director of Public Relations and a major-general.

David Margesson put in his place Major Walter Elliott, who had been Minister of Agriculture, making him a colonel instead of a major-general, with £1,200 a year, instead of the £2,000 that Ian Hay received.

The Air Ministry started a rival outfit, pushing its most efficient Press officer in the background, saying the Press must be "kept in its place," and giving Lord Willoughby de Broke a job on the staff.

The Admiralty, more modest, still has the two naval commanders who, before all this fuss, ran its Press Division. Their department is the most efficient of the three.

Another Whitehall department has as its head a Minister who, although capable enough, is being trained, they say, as a film star. His Press Officer is called his "glamour boy."

Another Cabinet Minister carts his publicity man from office to office as he gets moved.

WHERE HITLER'S ARE LURKING

★ **Is Hitler really able to darken the sky over Britain with thousands of Nazi bombers!**

How many million "Reichswehr" men can the Nazi High Command employ in all theatres of war!

What kind of naval craft can Admiral Raeder summon to defy the British Navy!

What is Germany's Total Military Strength.

WILLI FRISCHAUER answers these questions in the survey of Germany's military power.

NEW Nazi offensives are imminent. Yet few experts agree about the military, naval and aerial resources of Nazi Germany.

Virtually every famous military writer gives different figures, interprets differently the value of men and machines in modern warfare.

After studying the most dependable estimates of Germany's strength, I have created this composite picture of the disposition of Hitler's legions.

It will give a fair idea of the real position.

Nothing in this picture is likely to make your flesh creep; neither does it leave room for complacency.

German Army's Strength

Official Nazi spokesmen insist that "Germany is a nation armed to the teeth," implying that every male German is a soldier, trained and armed.

This is not true.

With her 80,000,000 population, Germany has a greater potential in man-power than Britain.

Yet the highest estimate of German troops is 8,000,000 men.

That would not compare too unfavourably with the 4,000,000 men (including Home Guards) Britain will soon have under arms.

Yet even 8,000,000 is an exaggeration.

British experts have agreed that Germany has not more than 225 divisions (usually 20,000 men each), making a total of 4,500,000 men.

To this I should add another 1,500,000 men, including S.S. (Nazi Black Guards), most of whom have been incorporated in the *Reichswehr*.

That means 6,000,000 *Reichswehr* men.

This is how these men are distributed, subject to fluctuations and changes that rarely remain hidden for long:

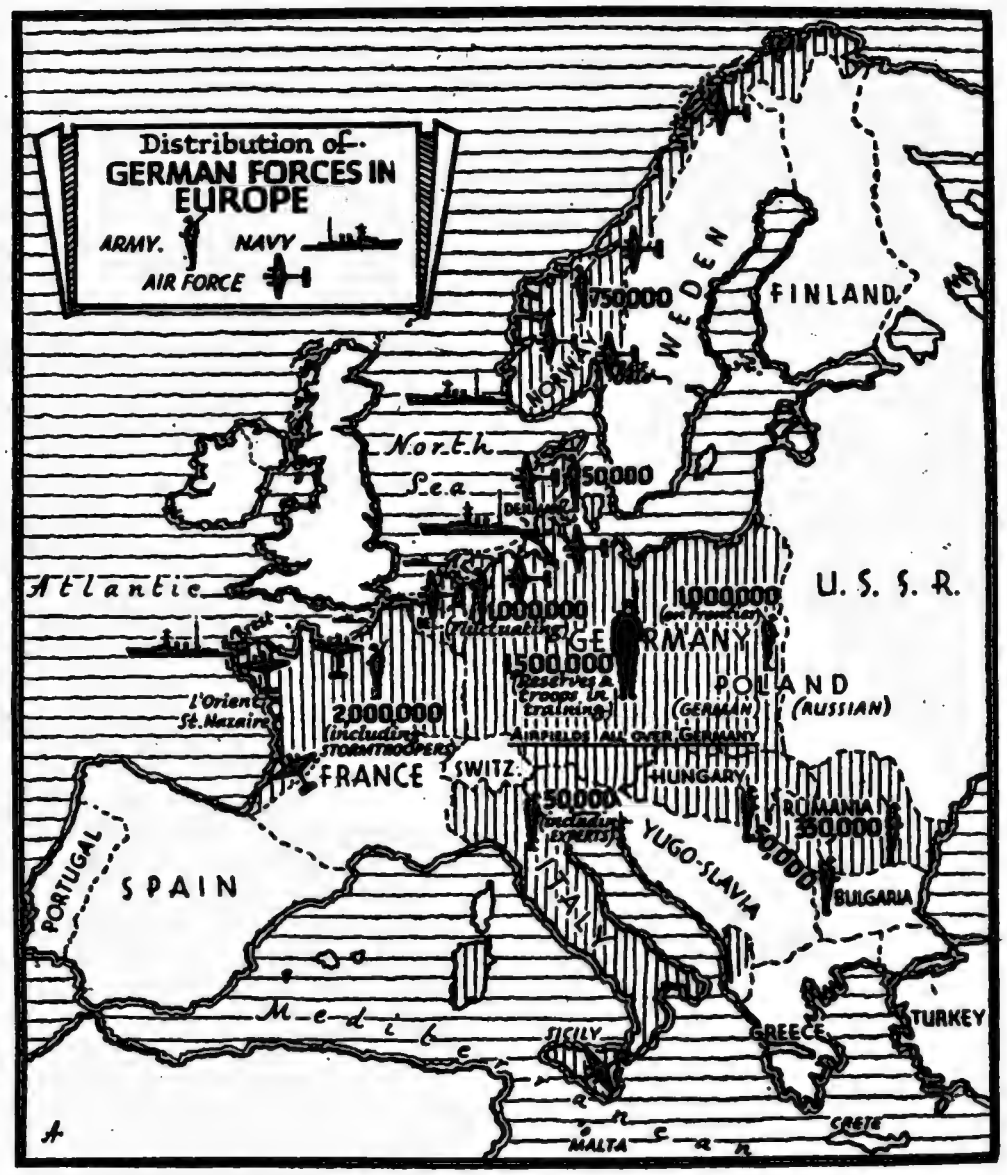
Seven hundred and fifty thousand men are stationed in Norway.

Most of them belong to the Nazi army of occupation, which was more than 1,000,000 last September, when Hitler prepared to invade Britain.

Lately it was reduced to 350,000, and has recently been increased again by another "invasion force."

None of Germany's ten armoured divisions, and only one of her thirteen tank divisions, is in Norway.

This division consists of light tanks (with one or two men to each), to be carried—tank and all—by transport aircraft.



Europe bristles with Nazi bayonets and this map shows where they are massed, ready to attempt another of the Mad Fuehrer's treacheries

Denmark, unarmed and defenceless, is held by an army of 50,000 second-rate German troops, chiefly reservists and elder men.

Holland and Belgium have become armed camps.

The number of the troops stationed in the Low Countries fluctuates, but it is never much below 1,000,000.

A third of these men are picked invasion troops, part of a grand total of 700,000 men, the rest of whom are in France.

These men are still being trained in invasion tactics.

Tank units and a large number of troops are engaged in purely defensive work—anti-aircraft defences, coastal defences, and guards against civilian troubles.

Greatest contingent of the *Reichswehr* is in France, where Nazis have nearly 2,000,000 men.

Only a third of them—the invasion army and some crack divisions stationed near the Spanish border—are first-rate troops.

The rest are reservists.

A large proportion of the army is engaged on defensive tasks: heavy artillery, in which Hitler puts more trust than is generally realised, the cross-Channel guns with their crews, technicians, engineers, and labour corps.

Balkan Campaign Base

Rumania is the base of Hitler's Balkan campaign.

Recent developments have shown that 350,000 men, including two or three armoured divisions, are maintained there, while German troops travelling through Hungary (where they often stay secretly for a fortnight), technicians, experts, "migration" organisers in

S LEGIONS

Jugoslavia and Bulgaria bring the strength of Hitler's Balkan army to 500,000 men.

Two and a half divisions of German troops in Italy, waiting for a chance to jump on to Africa, are likely to be increased as Mussolini's position deteriorates.

Hitler's army of occupation in Poland is busy enforcing obedience and acting as a guard against Russia.

Equipped as well as any that the Nazis can put into the field, this force of 1,300,000 will not be withdrawn or diverted while the war lasts.

Few experts remember that Hitler keeps a considerable force inside Germany.

In a sense, this is an army of occupation, but many divisions in southern Austria, in Czechoslovakia are ready to go where they are most needed.

Total figure includes men under training.

Leipzig, Munich, Berlin, Koenigsberg and Vienna are the headquarters of Germany's Home Army.

Facts About the Luftwaffe

Hardly two experts agree on numbers, quality or disposition of the *Luftwaffe*.

Few have taken the trouble to look into the technicalities of Germany's Air Force, without which you can never arrive at a dependable estimate.

Nazi propaganda supports uninformed experts who believe that there are vast numbers of men and machines at Goering's disposal.

A few weeks ago American newspapers were suggesting that Germany had 70,000 aircraft, half of which, they claimed, represented first-line strength.

These figures have no relation to reality.

Even the generally accepted estimate of 40,000 machines is misleading if it is considered to represent first-line strength.

At no time can the Nazis put more than 9,000 machines into combat on all fronts. At best they will have only 4,000 machines available against this country.

The *Luftwaffe* consists of *Staffeln* (squadrons) of twelve machines, with three reserves each.

Three squadrons form a wing, three wings a group.

Groups, consisting of bombers, fighters, and reconnaissance machines, are formed into air divisions, consisting of three bomber groups, one fighter group, and a reconnaissance wing.

Air corps are attached to the divisions to complete an air fleet.

Germany has seven air fleets: In Eastern Germany; in Belgium, Northern France and Holland (under the command of Kesselring); in the west of France (under Sperrle); in Vienna (under Loehr); in Northern Holland, North Germany, Norway (under Stumpff); in Rumania (preparing Balkan offensive); in Italy, Sicily (operating in the Mediterranean).

Each of these air fleets totals about 1,700 machines, 1,000 of which are bombers, 520 fighters, and the rest reconnaissance machines.

At no time has such an air fleet much more than two-thirds of its strength ready for battle.

Remainder are under repair, being overhauled and rested.

To these figures must be added at least 1,000 naval aircraft, a fleet of 3,500 transports, 5,000 training machines, and odds and ends of every description.

Without increasing the operational strength of the air fleets, you must take into account a reserve amounting to nearly 50 per cent. of the actual strength, including half-finished machines.

Nazi aeroplane production, estimated at between 2,000 or 3,000 a month, has not exceeded the extremely heavy losses since the outbreak of war.

A British expert has estimated Nazi losses in the air at 24,000.

While three men (on the average) are needed as a flying crew, ten men are needed on the ground to maintain the machine.

This represents a difficult problem.

Germany has only about 250,000 men available for the service.

Considering this in conjunction with the number of flying-fields at the disposal of the Germans, it is easy to see why the force of aircraft that can be launched against Britain at one time is limited.

* * *

As far as it can be called a fleet, the Nazi Navy consists mainly of heavily armed surface craft.

Scharnhorst and *Gneisenau*, each 26,000 tons, were the pride of the German Navy. But *Gneisenau* fled hastily when challenged and hit by a British battleship; and little has been heard of *Scharnhorst* since she was bombed by the R.A.F.

Recently two 35,000-tonners—*Tirpitz* and *Bismark*—were put into service, but not into action.

Rest of the "grand fleet" are cruisers of *Koeln* and *Leipzig* class, and a few flotillas of destroyers.

U-Boats' Chief Task

Commerce raiding is the chief task of Hitler's fleet of U-boats, which he is trying to increase by a vast building programme.

Although all U-boat sinkings are not announced by the Admiralty, there is reason to believe that Hitler's building programme cannot keep pace with his losses.

Nazi spokesmen boasted that Germany would have a fleet of 300 U-boats. It will not reach half this figure, yet it is a formidable force.

U-boats have taken a heavy toll of British shipping, but the British Navy will defeat them, as it has surmounted every obstacle to the uninterrupted flow of British shipping.

Meantime it is doubtful whether more than thirty U-boats can operate at one time.

Rest of Hitler's fleet are all the paraphernalia of invasion—barges, diesel-engined, self-propelled; Dutch coastal and Channel steamers; Rhine and Danube barges, capable of ferrying thirty motor-cars (or tanks).

Some of the armoured, flat-bottomed barges are specially built to carry troops.

Hundreds of them have been bombed by the R.A.F.

Hitler may build more, but the R.A.F. will go on bombing them.

ARGUE IT OUT — By PALLAS

Brains Triumph

NOTHING in this strange, sometimes terrifying, war has gone according to expectation. Theories have been discounted.

"Experts" have been proved stupidly and foolishly wrong; some fears have not been realised, others unhappily have been well founded.

Nearly everything about this war is new and surprising

When the sirens first wailed in daytime we went to shelter. Now we carry on.

When Hitler struck at the Lowlands we learned with consternation how valuable the work of his Fifth Column was in Holland, Belgium, France.

This was the first phase of the new type of warfare.

Mechanised might was the next surprise. *Panzer* divisions swept across the west of Europe like huge (but far from sluggish) caterpillars.

Dive-bombers darkened the sky.

Before the onslaught of steel and high explosive France crumpled.

That was more than a surprise; it was a tragedy.

* * *

The *Luftwaffe* hurled its machines against England.

Aerial war on a scale hitherto unknown began.

The German machines were clawed from the sky in hundreds.

Night bombers made this war different.

New words were coined. "Blitz" and "Coventrate" came into the language. London, Birmingham, Plymouth, Bristol were battered.

Hamburg, Bremen, Cologne, Hanover, Mannheim shuddered under the explosions of R.A.F. bombs.

Britain fought on alone, the bastion of civilisation, the ramparts of freedom, the citadel of mankind's hopes and prayers.

Britain sprang surprises.

The brilliant co-operation of land, sea and air forces swept Italian armies off Lybian deserts much as a giant might sweep away a troublesome fly.

Land forces progressed in a different manner. The days of static warfare with colossal armies immobilised and locked in a monotonous struggle vanished.

Thousands of prisoners were taken by Wavell's army at the cost of a few hundred casualties.

In production, too, this war is different.

To-day our factories and workshops are geared for different tasks.

The mechanised war demands different weapons.

Intricate air engines, 'plane detectors, "A.A." guns, predictors, tanks, armoured cars—all demand a skill and a knowledge surpassing those of the last war.

The war revolves around machine tools and precision work.

* * *

More than ever it is a war of brains, not of masses.

The war of nerves has proved Hitler to be an adept at intimidating nations large and small.

He has gained victories without firing a shot.

Every minute of the day and night millions of words are speeding through the sky in all directions, persuading, cajoling, bullying, inspiring, strengthening those to whom they are directed.

British propaganda is good. But the best of it is in deeds.

In one thing this war is the same as the last one—the unseen struggle being constantly waged in research laboratories, testing shops, designing offices.

Science wages the war.

The best brains of the warring nations are mobilised

Problems of attack and defence are tackled and, more often than not, solved.

In this phase of the struggle Britain leads.

British ships, aircraft, mechanised units are the best that highly skilled craftsmen can build.

Brains, not brawn, will decide the issue.

The brains of the cold, detached scientist; the brains of the young pilots of the R.A.F.; the brains of men like Wavell and Cunningham and Portal—all will play their part in securing the victory.

For Smartness on all occasions they use—

Cherry Blossom Boot Polish

Cherry Blossom has for years been the favourite Boot Polish used by all the famous regiments in the British Army because it gives such a smart and lasting brilliance so quickly and easily.

In Black, Tenette, Dark Tan Stain, etc.

CB/SO.

BACKACHE

URINARY TROUBLE | RHEUMATIC PAIN
PAINFUL JOINTS | AND LUMBAGO

Stimulate Lazy Kidneys

IF more people were aware that poisonous wastes which would injure health must constantly be filtered out of the blood by the kidneys, there would be better understanding of why the whole body suffers when kidney action lags. Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills would be taken before the trouble grew worse.

Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be a warning of disturbed kidney function. You may suffer nagging backache, rheumatic pains, persistent headache, attacks of giddiness, getting up at nights, swellings, puffiness under the eyes. Use Doans Pills. You can rely on a medicine that has won world-wide recommendation.

Ask for DOANS, 1/5, 3/5, 5/8 (incl. tax)

NEW TREATMENT KILLS GERMS OF CATARRH

LATEST SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY GIVES QUICK RELIEF

The "*Khatorene*" *Dilator-Penetration Treatment* opens up shut nostrils, and allows powerful germ-killing medicaments to penetrate *nose, ear* and *head passages* which are inaccessible to the usual inhalants, ointments, "drops" and disinfectants. Treatment is in two parts—"Dilator-Penetration" clears Head and Chest: "Tonic-Cleansing" drives Catarrh from Organs *within the body*. SEND 4½d. ONLY for FREE Trial Supply and explanatory booklet, "*From Catarrh to Perfect Freedom*". Send TO-DAY.

THE KHATORENE CO.
(Dept. J.B.), 52, High St., Ross-on-Wye.

"Want anything else from Boots?"

She lives in a quiet country town with only a small shopping centre, but as far as medicinal needs are concerned she couldn't be better served in London itself. For there is a Boots in the High Street—and every one of Boots twelve hundred branches provides the same high standard of drug purity and meticulous dispensing. Two thousand qualified chemists are on duty in those branches, and last year Boots dispensed over seven and a half million prescriptions. You can safely entrust *your* prescriptions to Boots, chemists to the nation.

You can rely on Boots

ZB/JB

BOOTS PURE DRUG COMPANY LIMITED

You can make lots of inexpensive War-time dishes with WEETABIX

—and they're just delicious! Every member of the family will welcome the change of fare and be better in health for it. There's a sound reason for this. Wheat, as you know, is the best of all foods. Weetabix is prepared from sun-ripened Wheat—the whole berry, containing Vitamin B^1 and the precious mineral salts so essential for bone, brain and nerve-building. That's why young children need plenty of Weetabix. You should see how they thrive on it!

Weetabix is not only appetising but wonderfully sustaining. Home Guards, A.R.P. workers and others engaged on long spells of duty find it ideal. Ready cooked. No preparation. British made by British workers.

WEETABIX LTD. (Dept.J.B.17), WEETABIX MILLS, BURTON LATIMER, NORTHANTS.

Weetabix

Of all Grocers and Stores

STANDARD SIZE 7½D.
DOUBLE SIZE 1/1

Think of a Mars Bar. Imagine that smooth chocolate, that tasty malted milk, that delicious caramel centre in your mouth. *Irresistible*, isn't it? It's specially rich in calories—those invaluable energy-builders. Mars is a meal in itself—and what a lot you get for 2½d.

Mars 2½d

Beautiful floors with economy

It costs so little to give your wood floors a really beautiful finish with VARNENE

Ask your dealer for

VARNENE
THE FINER OIL VARNISH STAIN

"JOHN BULL'S" TEN-MINUTE STORY

Rich Man, Poor Man

By HEDLEY BARKER

ADVERTISING Manager. Please knock.

Bert Farley knocked, and went in.

Mr. Palgrave was reading the paper. He earned fifteen hundred a year, and looked it.

Savile Row suit, hand-made shoes, platinum watch-chain, white carnation.

His office looked it, too. A carpet that you could wade through, leather, mahogany, heavy velvet curtains, an electric silver kettle for making tea.

Mr. Palgrave was reading the paper.

He had plenty of time.

All the time in the world, thought Bert, enviously. Mr. Palgrave had *got on*.

He had climbed the ladder.

Whereas Bert hadn't begun.

Spitting on his hands, hitching up his trousers, counting the rungs—that's what Bert was doing.

Mr. Palgrave put out a white hand, gently nudged the ash off his Havana. Cigars at two shillings a time, silk shirts, onyx cuff-links.

And his fiancée? Bert looked at her as she smiled out of the photograph on the desk. White fox fur, tailored suit, a hat that had come out of Bond Street. Smart, but not a patch on Elsie.

Elsie, and wedding-bells, and limed oak in the dining-room.

That's what Bert was thinking about. Of rent, rates and taxes measured against two pounds a week and commission.

He and Mr. Palgrave had this in common: that they were both to be married shortly. But from that point their ways parted. St. Margaret's, Westminster, for Mr. Palgrave, a reception at the Milan, a trip to Madeira.

And Bert?

In and out of a register office, a week-end trip to Margate, and back to the old grind.

Mr. Palgrave put down his paper and looked up.

"Yes?"

Bert saw at once that he wouldn't get the rise. Almost before the words were out of his mouth Mr. Palgrave shook his head.

"I'm sorry, Farley, but it's the practice of Sharmans to pay commission rather than a salary. And I think it's a good practice. We have men on the staff earning very considerable sums in commission. If you can't do likewise there must be something wrong."

"I haven't got a very good territory, sir."

"You're a beginner. Beginners always get lean territories. It's up to you, Farley, to make it fat. Anything else?"

Mr. Palgrave's eyes wandered over Bert's person. Bert felt that his two-shilling tie was coming under review, his five-and-elevenpenny shirt and his fifty shilling suit. He flushed. No, there didn't seem to be anything else. He closed the door.

Selling advertising space for Sharman's Directories, that was Bert's job. Tough going. But Bert rarely complained.

Most of the time he grinned. Full of beans, bursting with breeziness—that was Bert. If you didn't know he was coming you could tell by the tune, *Tipperary*, whistled in time with his bustling stride.

The small fry for Bert. Poky little offices up dark and twisting stairs. Jobbing printers and die-makers and the old swordmaker in Mildred's Lane. Clients who ran mostly to five shillings' worth; never beyond fifteen.

Tough going. Hoofing the pavements, climbing the stairs, talking like old boots for hours on end for five per cent. on bookings.

And when the poor old feet were feeling the strain Bert sometimes thought of Mr. Palgrave sumptuous in his car. Fifteen hundred a year, silk shirts, Havana cigars.

No financial worries for Mr. Palgrave, no juggling with the weekly budget.

Good luck to him.

But more often Bert thought of Elsie. The lovely legs swinging the kilted skirt, the sauciness of the pork-pie hat with its crimson chin-strap.

And to-night was a special night.

Gala night, you might say. One of those nights that you saved up to talk about by the fireside.

"Do you remember . . .?"

True, he hadn't got the rise. But he wasn't going to let that ruin the evening. Blow the rise!

She saw him coming, waved, ran to meet him, swung on his arm. Happy as a couple of kids, a spring in their strides, laughing at anything, at nothing.

"Well?" she asked, "what happened?"

"Beginners always get lean territories, Else—that's what happened. It's up to me to make it fat."

"You mean——"

"He turned me down. And none of those glum looks. This is whoopee night."

WHEREUPON Bert pulled up in front of a jeweller's window and Elsie suddenly knew.

"Bert, you're not——"

"Who says I'm not?" demanded Bert. "Dear . . . sweetheart . . . you look lovely. Come on in."

"Rings, please!" said Bert.

"Engagement, sir?"

"That's it."

Sapphires and diamonds. Nearly. Bert turned one about in his hand and looked dubious. A poor thing, a trifling thing. He looked at Elsie's lovely fingers as she slipped it on and thought of Mr. Palgrave's lovely cheque-book.

"Like it, Else?"

"I think it's *beautiful*! I've never had anything like it in my life."

Ten pounds fifteen. That left thirty shillings.

Taxi?

Bert guided her tenderly to the kerb, put up his hand. His eye watched the meter, and his heart mildly resented Mr. Palgrave. No meter-watching for *him*, the lucky devil. A chauffeur to open his door, and no eking out of the needful.

Porelli's. Shaded lamps, a soft carpet, Elsie's eyes glowing as she turned the little ring about.

Hand in hand they strolled later along the pavement, stared through a window. "Walnut. A rich man's suite at a poor man's price"—that was the caption on the showcard. Bert's thoughts hovered about Mr. Palgrave again. Fifteen hundred a year seemed like all the money in the world to Bert.

It made a chap a bit sore when he wasn't in the swim.

And fourteen guineas—well, it looked like a poor man's suite at a rich man's price to Bert.

"Like it, Elsie?" he asked.

Elsie sighed.

Whereupon Bert pulled up in front of a jeweller's window and Elsie suddenly knew . .

"LISTEN," said Bert, as they moved off. "I've got an idea. We'll have that suite. And we're not going to wait until any war's over to get married. We're going to fix the happy day right now."

Elsie looked puzzled.

"But now, Bert? With things as they are—if only I had a job——"

"Job nothing. I've saved a bit. With what I can raise it'll be enough to give us a start. And after that? Well, if you don't take a chance now and again life isn't worth living. Game?"

They arranged the date a month ahead.

Bert also made another date, private to himself, and with each day that passed he liked it less and less.

It was all mixed up with bitterness, with Mr. Palgrave's power and glory, the eternal question of the Haves and Have-nots.

Bert's immediate future rested entirely in the hands of the advertising manager. In the forthcoming interview with Mr. Palgrave Bert was going to feel all kinds of a worm.

For Bert had his pride, and he hated the prospect of displaying his private affairs to Mr. Palgrave, disclosing the hand-to-mouth state of his existence.

A decided droop in his appearance, an unwillingness in his walk, a notable slump in the brisk and breezy deportment began to appear.

A change in the top-floor offices too.

They didn't hear that tune mounting the stairs.

His heart was in his boots when at last Mr. Palgrave's voice cried "Come in."

Mr. Palgrave was wearing a new suit, smoking a cigar from a newly opened box. It was pretty plain that the advertising manager was beyond such considerations as a rich man's suite at a poor man's price. A pang moved him, a pang of miserable envy.

"Yes?" said Mr. Palgrave.

"Mr. Palgrave," said Bert, red as a beetroot, "I'm going to get married. I'd like, if it's possible, to draw all the commission I'm entitled to."

Mr. Palgrave looked at his cigar and considered.

"H'm," he said, shifting his glance to Bert's two-shilling tie, "it's very irregular. You know that commission is paid quarterly? And rules are made to be kept."

"Yes, sir," mumbled Bert.

Mr. Palgrave reached for a chit, scribbled on it.

"However, as this is a special occasion——"

BACK in his office, Bert lifted the 'phone to dial Elsie. A voice spoke in his ear, two voices.

Something wrong with the line.

"Sir William Sharman speaking. Who is that?"

It was Mr. Palgrave. A rather anxious-sounding Mr. Palgrave. An obsequious, uncomfortable Mr. Palgrave.

"Er—could I draw six months' salary in advance, Sir William? You see, sir, I'm getting married, and—well——"

Bert hung up. A grin spread over his face. Five minutes later he was bustling along the pavement, feeling good, a hundred per cent. full of beans.

Whistling *Tipperary*.

THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN

"John Bull's" Vital Role

UNDER its Great Free War Time Insurance, JOHN BULL announces a further payment of £3,600 in cash benefits to air raid victims, or their dependants.

Thus does JOHN BULL continue to play a vital part in the Battle of Britain.

Daily, prompt payments made under this Free Air Raid Insurance bring glowing letters of appreciation.

"I received the cheque, for which I am grateful," writes a widow. "For such cases as mine there is no adequate compensation, but I think you are doing a noble service to your readers and the country with your Insurance Scheme.

"You are doing your best to help sufferers over a very difficult time."

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Gas Attacks, Invasion and Bombardment.

If you have not yet registered, Registration Forms can be obtained on application by postcard (revised postage 2d.) to JOHN BULL'S Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Sneezing? Feverish?

STOP COLDS 'FLU CHILLS for 2½d

Stop those colds and chills or that early 'flu attack by invoking the aid of Beechams Powders. What wonderful relief! All unpleasant symptoms stop. That heavy cold dries up. That headachy feeling vanishes. The shivering stops. The first 'flu symptoms are "nipped in the bud".

BEECHAMS POWDERS 2½d (Including Purchase Tax)

Build Up STRENGTH VITALITY and LASTING ENERGY with this amazing FOOD TONIC

Your body is starving for vital Minerals and Vitamins when you get Rundown, Weak, Depressed. Replace these lost substances—nourish your system—and you have found the way back to radiant health, strength and sparkling vitality—protected against illness and debility. An amazing newly discovered sea plant contains these much-needed Mineral salts—Iron, Phosphorus, Calcium, Sulphur—as well as 5 other essential Minerals, FOOD IODINE and Vitamin B. It is concentrated into little tablets and comes to you as "Vikelp"—the FOOD TONIC—giving you ALL those precious substances so vital to health and strength—so vital to life itself.

Start to re-nourish your body with Vikelp brand Tablets today. Replace those lost Minerals and Vitamins. Note the unmistakable results. You build up. Spirits rise. You become vigorous—vital—alive. New energy and strength surge through your whole being. You tackle life anew.

IMPORTANT! The Purchase Tax means you pay a little more for VIKELP. It helps in the National effort. But we have tried to help YOU by giving you 10% MORE tablets.

FREE! Send postcard for FREE booklet crammed full with vital information "How to Gain New Health, Energy & Strength." Write to Health Products Laboratories Ltd. Dept. J.B.16, 139/149 Baker St., London, W.1.

"Ted, I'm getting meaner every week..."

Mary: Ted, I'm getting meaner every week. I was going to buy you a tie for your birthday. I looked at it in the window but then I went into the Post Office and put the half-a-crown in Savings Stamps.

Ted: Good for you, old girl. I can do without a new tie till Hitler's beaten.

Mary: I feff a bit mean. So I went without a new pair of stockings for myself. Just to balance things.

Ted: Did you put the stockings into Savings?

Mary: Of course I did—I put them in the Post Office Savings Bank. I've got £15-7-6 in my book now.

Ted: That's fine. I'm putting a fair sum every week in the Work's Savings Group. You've got your Certificates and your Post Office account. And I give young Fred sixpence a week for his School Savings Group.

Mary: He's cute—he gets a shilling a week out of me.

Ted: Never mind, it's all in a good cause, my dear. We're helping the Old Country in her time of trial. When the last bomb is dropped and the last shot is fired, it will be good to know that we did our bit.

Mary: And then, Ted, we'll begin to do the things we've always wanted to.

Ted: We *will*, Mary—and what we are saving now will be a great help.

Save regularly week by week. *Go to a Post Office or your Bank or Stockbroker and put your money into* 3% *Savings Bonds* 1955-1965, 2½% *National War Bonds* 1946-1948, *or* 3% *Defence Bonds; or buy Savings Certificates; or deposit your savings in the Post Office or Trustee Savings Banks. Join a Savings Group and make others join with you.*

Issued by The National Savings Committee, London

'A pipe and slippers man'

This homely 'title' certainly fits me .... but whilst there's not much time for slippers to-day, there's still that grand tobacco "Digger" to fill the old pipe.....a tasty lasting smoke if there ever was one.

PLAYER'S DIGGER TOBACCOS

1/3½P PER OZ.

P.D.36a

Germolene

Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

Banished Her ECZEMA

"I have had Eczema on my hands and arms for the past 7 or 8 years. I had several remedies but none gave relief. I tried Germolene and can honestly say that I felt relief after the first application."
—Mrs. M. T., Southampton.

OUR "CRUSADING" OFFER

PROVE NOW, the Power of Germolene. Get a 1/3 tin. If you are not delighted with the result, return the empty outside carton to Vose Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, within one month of purchase, and your money will be REFUNDED IN FULL.

7d., 1/3, 2/3 & 12/3 Per Tin. (Incl. Purchase Tax)

Voice of the People

★ This is YOUR feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published. The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

AN American citizen, I have lived here many years. Although I am employed in the furniture business, I do war correspondence for American broadcasting companies, and have a lot of friends and relatives over there.

To convey the full story of British courage and determination to win through to victory, I send cuttings from JOHN BULL, and they receive great praise from the other side.

Good luck, Britain!

May you do all you have set out to do. When I go back to the States, which will be after the war, I shall always remember your wonderful effort.—Charles James Haldeman, Gold Drive, Drumchapel, Glasgow.

And "John Bull" says "Good luck" to the many American citizens who, not so well known as Vic Oliver, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, say, like them, "We'll stand by your side in hard times as well as easy."

Cut Whitehall Cackle

When officialdom writes to such institutions as the War Office—even if it has a mere ten-word message to communicate—it indulges in at least 23 utterly useless words.

To begin with, the letter has to begin, "I have the honour to report that," and to finish, "I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant."

Why not cut the cackle? It is a waste of typists' time and the paper. Often it must entail starting a new sheet.—Mrs. E. M. Lawson, Nunthorpe Grove, York.

Milk Scheme Complaint

Cheap milk scheme for children is being abused.

To my knowledge it is being supplied to the children of a well-paid prison governor, a doctor with a four-figure salary, and a minister of religion.

Strict inquiries should be instituted to ascertain where the scheme is being abused.—S. M., "Somewhere in the Midlands."

Scheme was intended for all children, whatever the means of the parent. Alternative would have been means test methods, which are detestable.

Suspicious Firewood

Seeking firewood, I have been told that I could only have a ration of two tiny bundles.

They cost me 1½d. each.

The sticks were all charred, and had obviously been chopped from the wood of bombed buildings.

Is this what is meant by wood from the débris available to the public as firewood?

I would call it profiteering.—Mrs. H. G. Harding, Bexley Lane, Sidcup, Kent.

Sunflower Food

Here is a tip that might help to beat old Hitler.

The giant annual sunflower produces large seeds that are readily eaten by poultry.

The average plant yields a pound of seed, which is rich in oil, and especially good for winter feeding.—F. W. Brodiex, East Barsham, Fakenham, Norfolk.

U.S. Eager to Buy

Why not put National Savings Certificates on sale in the United States?

Ordinary purchases would bring dollars here at a time when they are much wanted.

And many Americans, eager to help this country, but wondering how, might prefer to buy them—then burn them.

What an easy way that would be of making a gift to the British war effort.—William H. Jenkins, Hopkin Street, Port Talbot, Glamorgan.

All Canned Goods

Thanks for your definition of the term "food hoarder"—a person who misuses his wealth to buy up goods that are getting scarce, thus making the articles scarcer and therefore dearer for those not so fortunate.

I spent £25 on canned goods after Munich. I suppose they are worth £40 to-day. I have furnished twenty families with a list of what I bought and the price I paid.

Any one of those families can come along and buy the articles in question at the price I paid, provided that there is real necessity for them to do so.

I helped several families out when they were snowed-up recently. I wouldn't like to think I was a cheap hoarder.—N. S., Hertfordshire.

They're Condemned

Not a thousand miles from here stands a row of cottages condemned by the local authority before war broke out.

The district is full of evacuated families, who have to share houses with other families—houses, in many instances, little better than the condemned property of which I write.

The women, I know, would put up with a little bit of discomfort to have a home all their own.

Yet the local authority says: "We said condemned, and condemned it's got to be."—Mrs. A. P., Saffron Walden, Essex.

Some councils are being stupidly obstinate about condemned houses. Others have had them turned into nice temporary homes

Income Anomaly

To-day *all* incomes should be taxed.

Large families with many small incomes coming into the house still escape, although their joint incomes make them comfortably off.

No one can pretend that income tax is equitable.—E. Airey, Hawes Side Lane, Blackpool.

Can't Get Spares

I know a doctor, a midwife, and an inspector of roads whose vehicles are out of commission because of the difficulty of getting motor-car spares.

Yet, living near a military camp, I see Army lorries turning out at night taking four or five soldiers to a local dance.

There should be priority for the Services in this matter of spares, certainly, but only when the Service use happens to be more important than the civilian use.—N. S. Crowe, address omitted for obvious reasons.

Ministry of Supply states that it intends to release a ration of motor-car spares for civilian use

Here's their Praise

JOHN BULL's praise for the civilians, which made particular mention of munition workers, omitted to give due credit to the class that does the most work for the least money.

I refer to apprentices.

We are helping by doing long hours for our meagre wages, and doing it gladly, not grumbling when temporary workers are taken in at bigger money. But we would like a word of praise.—Apprentice-Turner S. Lowe (address withheld).

Sorry. We thank them now

Inspiration!

I am trusting that my personal experience of blood-donating will help the Princess Royal's "Give Your Blood" appeal.

I am fifty-three, a grandmother; but I have just done a two miles cycle ride within an hour of giving half a pint of blood.

And I felt fine.—Mrs. C. L., Southsea, Portsmouth.

Excuse for Delay?

With hundreds of my fellow-workmates, we are drawing February wage-packets—and still no deduction for income tax.

As the full half-year's tax has to be deducted within the first 26 weeks, we shall soon be in the position of having no wages to come unless the income tax people get a move on.

Why the delay? Doesn't the country want the money?—James Neville, London Road, Coventry.

There is considerable chaos, but the change-over has meant a tremendous job for the income tax people.

The Puppy of Dunkirk

YOU can imagine how interested I was in Mr. Frank Stuart's article in JOHN BULL, "The Puppy from Dunkirk," for I am the man who brought her over here.

I send you a photograph of her, taken with myself.

Affection is lavished on her.

She can have good homes by the thousand.

But she is with me.

Your interesting story was sent on to me by my people, who are regular readers of JOHN BULL.—Sergt. W. Tindle, "Somewhere in England."

Story told how, after a terrific bombardment, debris was removed to uncover a dead bitch sheltering her pups. One only survived. It sucked the fingers of the Tommies who brought it through incredible adventures to England.

He brought her through Dunkirk and now they are inseparable . . . a soldier and his dog

Can't be Found

My husband has to do the most delicate engineering work for the Royal Navy.

To work to such fine limits he has to provide himself with feeler-gauges. They constantly need replacement.

Yet we have been to every shop for miles round to find feeler-gauges, but they can't be bought.

One shopkeeper told us he had been waiting for them for four months. They are a real need in this district.—Mrs. G. L. A., "Somewhere in Scotland."

Often Dangerous

During the last war soldiers carried a field dressing on the inside bottom edge of their tunics.

Thousands of lives must have been saved by this simple precaution.

Wouldn't it be a good idea to provide us all with such dressings now? What an advantage it would be if we could apply clean dressings to serious injuries immediately.—Mrs. C. Brown, 238, Cleveland Road, Sunderland.

Soldiers were not encouraged to apply such dressings at their own discretion. Wrong treatment is worse than no treatment at all. Better far to have a first-aid service big enough for any requirements, which is official aim so far as bombing is concerned.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2s. 6d. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award

THE GLASGOW HERALD:—"Behind the THANKS infantry are following up with all speed."

NORTH WESTERN DAILY MAIL:—"Conducted by P.C. D———, the 'Police STALE Voice Choir' rendered many items."

EDINBURGH EVENING DISPATCH:—"The Act making Laval successor to HITLER as Head of the State has been cancelled."

SHEFFIELD TELEGRAPH AND STAR:—"About twenty workers packed the parcels for nine YEARS without ceasing."

THE NORTHERN ECHO:—"Interest and debt free creations of credit should be placed UNDERHANDEDLY at the disposal of the Allies."

NORTH WESTERN DAILY MAIL:—"Neither side were at full strength After eight MONTHS F—— scored."

EVENING STANDARD:—"A blind woman was among the people killed in a public-house which was one of four buildings demolished by a heavy MOB."

DURING THE BLACK OUT

KEEP ALL THE FAMILY HAPPY . . .

Play RILEY BILLIARDS and ensure relaxation.

9/- DOWN

brings delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table.

Now more than ever it is essential to provide healthy entertainment at home. There is nothing like Riley Billiards to ensure this. 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Carr. paid. Pay Balance Monthly. Buy NOW before prices increase.

A size for every room.

WRITE for ART LIST

E. J. RILEY Ltd., Anson Works, ACCRINGTON.

Instant relief from
INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS
DYSPEPSIA, FLATULENCE
ACIDITY, HEARTBURN
PALPITATION, GASTRIC CATARRH

MOORLAND INDIGESTION TABLETS

TAKE TWO TABLETS & EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

ALL CHEMISTS 7½D & 1/3 PLUS TAX

The Pilot Officer SWEARS by Kolynos!

From all Chemists and Stores at 2/2, 1/3 & 7½d. per tube. (Incl. Purchase Tax).

Above all else the Pilot Officer is trained in observation and his verdict on whatever comes under his notice can generally be relied upon as sound. "Give me Kolynos!" he says, "There's just that extra something about it which stamps it as absolutely first class." Of course he's quite right; Kolynos is exceptional and has no equal as the protective, cleansing and refreshing tooth paste. Try it and prove it for yourself.

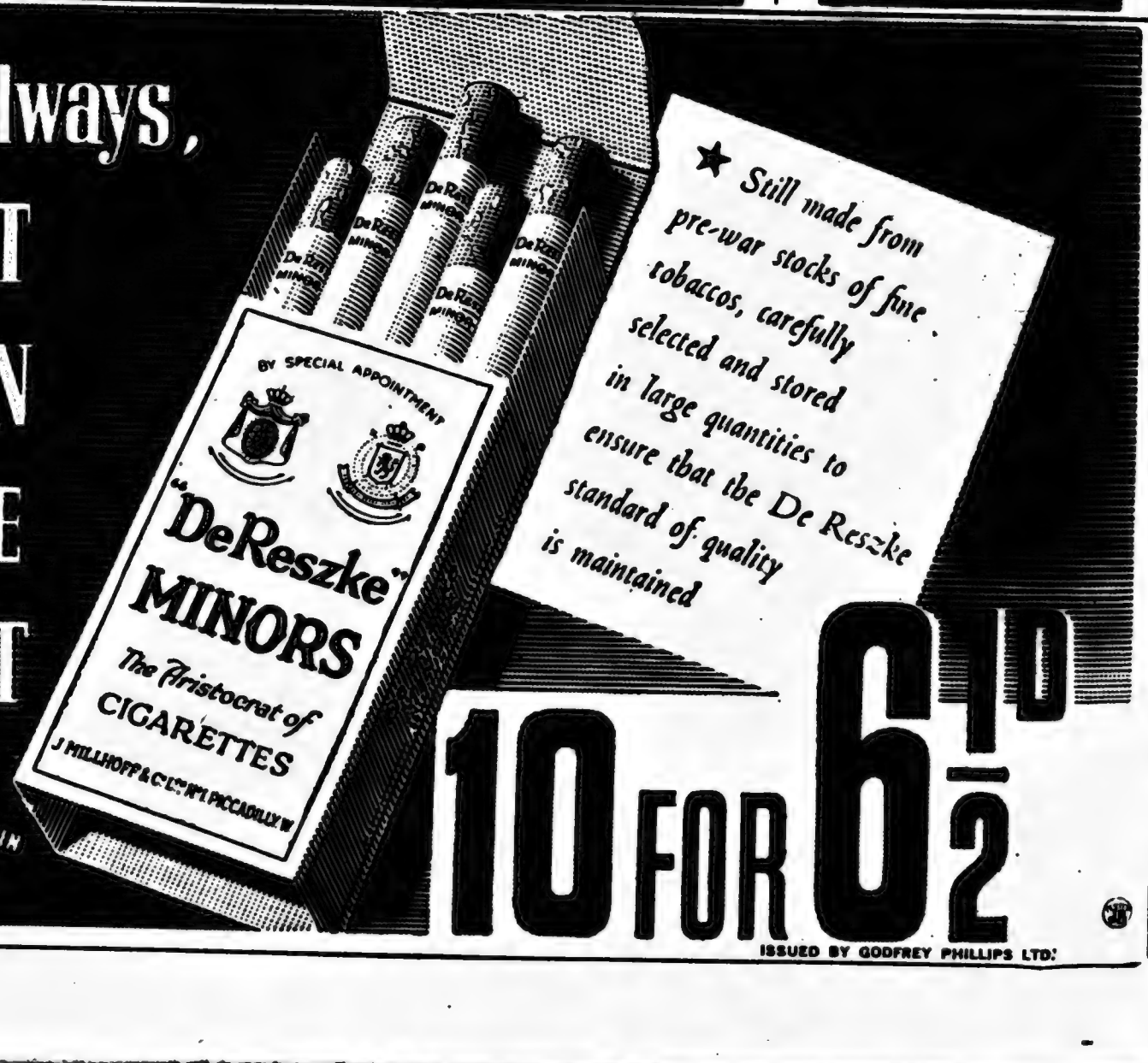
COLDS & 'FLU are quickly banished by Cephos

THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form at 1/6 and 3/6. SINGLE DOSE (Prices include Purchase Tax).

2½D

Now, as always, THE BEST VALUE ON THE MARKET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Jockey's Downfall

★ Behind many a racing victory there is a story of intrigue that never reaches the ears of small punters and unwary racegoers. Typical of these scandals is this instance of a jockey's fall from favour, told to a "John Bull" racing correspondent

THE little man in the bowler hat seemed strangely familiar to me.

He was leaning against a lamp-post in Charing Cross Road, and he looked the picture of hopeless dejection.

He turned his head as I approached, and, despite his added weight and small moustache, I recognised him.

He was Jackie Jason, one-time famous jockey, who had been warned off some years ago

"Hullo, Jackie," I said.

He gave me a sickly grin.

"Hullo, Jimmy," he said. "Things aren't going too well. In fact, I think I'm about ready to be counted out."

I took Jackie to a quiet pub and fed him until he sat back with a deep sigh of content.

"Heavens," I said, "I've never seen such a small man with such a large appetite."

"Well, I haven't got to worry about my weight now," he said. "I'll never ride again."

"Tell me," I said. Jackie puffed luxuriously at his cigar and began.

Not So Noble!

"I didn't realise it then," he said. "But the skids were under me some years back when I became jockey for Lord ——.

"He was a Lord all right, but he was far from being a noble man.

"I was riding Waltz, his big grey filly, in a seven-furlong handicap, and before the race Lord —— had given me some advice. 'Handle her easy, Jackie.

"'If you can't win, don't knock her about.'

"I touched my cap and scowled at Billy Wilson, the trainer (although that's not the name Jackie mentioned to me). There was no love lost between us, and his Lordship knew it.

"By the time I reached the barrier I knew that Waltz was a flier. When the tapes went up she skimmed along like a bird.

"But as we reached the straight she slackened a bit. There were two fliers just ahead, and I reached automatically for the whip to tickle up the filly.

"Then I remembered the orders—no whip! So I rode her with my hands, and she was beaten two lengths, a head.

"'Well,' said his Lordship as I was weighing-in. 'How did she go?'

"'Champion, chief,' I said. 'She runs a bit raw, but she'll win you a fortune.'

"Going back to town I found myself in a carriage with three flashy-looking individuals of the sporting type.

A Loaded Remark

"They were Harry the Dude, Frankie Carson, and Tony Thompson, three of the biggest plungers in the business. We played bridge, and during the game Harry sent out one of those chance remarks that are always loaded.

"'That was a likely looking filly you were riding in the handicap to-day, Jackie. Was she trying?'

"'Not much,' I told him. 'Didn't want to knock her about, that's all.'

"He said no more, and we concentrated on the cards. When we reached town Harry gave me a lift in his taxi to the West End, and during the ride started pumping again.

"As I jumped out of the cab I said to Harry: 'Mum's the word. If things break right I'll let you know.'

"Wilson had his eye on me, so I saw little of Harry after that. I knew Billy was just waiting his chance to drop me.

"I managed to contact Harry in a little pub after the St. Leger meeting. He asked how Waltz was keeping, and I told him better than ever.

"Waltz was at eight stone when the Cambridgeshire weights were published. Dalston was pleased, and even Wilson's grim lips split in a smile; but by now he was beginning to realise that someone had copped the market.

"In Tatt's and in the Victoria Club it was whispered that Harry had backed the filly for a king's ransom. Naturally, Wilson came to see me. He poured out a torrent of abuse, accusing me of everything

"'You are a double-dyed liar,' I told him. He threatened to go at once to the chief. But when I called his bluff he kept quiet, for he was on the same game himself.

"Waltz was second favourite, and I stood to win £15,000 if she won. His Lordship himself stood to win a packet, and there was a fortune to be lost or won as I cantered down to the post on Cambridgeshire day.

"I was leading the field by lengths till the last half furlong. But going down into the dip, Waltz floundered in the mud.

"Snatching her up as fast as I could, I got her running again. But I was a fraction of a second too slow. Something on the stand side passed me and went whizzing along to beat me by a length.

"His Lordship was in a terrible state. I thought he was going to have a fit.

Black as Thunder

"I mumbled some excuse and left him. Wilson was worse. His face was black as thunder.

"'You —— thief,' he said, as I unsaddled the filly. 'The horse would have run better with a monkey on its back. Thousands you've cost me, and all because you wanted to get me. I detected something phoney about the way you were riding from the moment you left the post.'

"'You couldn't detect a barrel of beer in a telephone booth,' I sneered. 'A liar like you should not be training horses. Besides, you know damned well I've lost every penny I have got myself.'"

Jackie gave his chair a moody kick.

"I had behaved like an idiot, and I knew it," he went on. "Though if it came out that Harry the Dude had been giving me a big bet to nothing, I should be done for. Wilson tried to find out, but Harry was too wide for him.

"The trainer and owner were laying for me. To be in his Lordship's black books meant a bad mark all round.

"I rode one more race for him, and then was told that he would not be wanting me next season.

"I lost all my good retainers. For three years I drifted along, getting mounts from the small trainers.

"Then Wilson kicked the bucket, and his Lordship became friendly again. He even found me Treetops, a smashing two-year-old colt, to ride, a colt that I thought might win him the Derby.

The Big Chance

"And to crown all, he invited me to dine with him. 'Now, Jackie,' he said, 'I know you won't let me down if I give you this big chance.

"'Play the game by me, and you can ride him in the classics next year. There's not another jockey can beat you when you are trying.'

"Treetops scored at Goodwood and won a six-furlong spin at the Cesarewitch meeting by a short head, but I had to cosh him hard, as he was severely pressed.

"I got back to find his Lordship gazing at me with a nasty eye.

"'You tried to get my horse beaten,' he accused.

"I began to feel like a dog that's just been kicked. 'Chief, I did the best with that horse. He doesn't stay too well.'

"'Possibly,' he said. 'But I'll see that you don't ride Treetops again. I'm not taking any more chances.'

Treetops was hot favourite for the Derby, and I made up my mind to get even.

"I got a horse for the race—one that was expected to make the running for something else in the stable. My orders were to take 'em along to Tattenham Corner, and then drop out.

"The day was blazing hot. I was drawn three places from Treetops.

"Up went the barrier, and I was away like the wind, guarding the rails from the moment the tapes flew up.

"As we climbed the hill, Treetops came after me. We were out in front

The little man in the bowler hat . . . looked the picture of hopeless dejection

lengths ahead of the field, and thudding round the Corner.

"My horse was slowing now, and Treetops slid alongside. It was now or never. I kept on edging out to the right an inch or so at every pace.

"The boy on the favourite yelled at me, but I was deaf to his pleas, except to push him a bit further out.

"I was clear of the rails now, and two or three horses were slipping through. Thundering down the straight, I knew my horse was beaten, so I dropped my hands. The field rolled on with Treetops well on the outside.

Smiled Too Soon

"The colt ran fifth, and as I dropped off my mount's back I grinned to myself. Revenge was sweet.

"But I had smiled too soon. Ten minutes later I was hauled before the stewards. I felt as if my spine had been made of gelatine when I saw his Lordship there as well as his jockey.

"I was accused of foul riding, bumping and boring. A week later they sent me a letter telling me my licence was withdrawn. I was warned off. . . . !"

Jackie Jason, ex-jockey, who had earned thousands in his time, took the note I slipped across the table with a muttered "Thanks."

MEET THE CHAMPIONS

Have you ever wondered what the champions of the ring are like with the gloves off?

Have you ever met a fighter when he has changed his boxing boots and shorts for shoes and a lounge suit?

Have you ever been in the star's dressing-room after an important contest?

★

A. W. Helliwell's new boxing feature, "MEET THE CHAMPIONS," which begins in JOHN BULL next week, takes you behind the scenes to meet the modern stars of pugilism as they really are.

In a series of brilliant candid pen-portraits he will give you intimate close-ups of the leading fighters on both sides of the Atlantic.

A. W. Helliwell has met them all, from "Two Ton" Tony Galento to little Peter Kane. He knows the secrets behind their greatest fights.

Next week he introduces "Homicide" Henry Armstrong, the negro wizard who broke all records by holding three world titles at one time.

Don't miss "MEET THE CHAMPIONS"

It puts the spotlight on boxing from a different angle.

1940 RACING RETURNS

The "Sporting Life" Annual Summary of Past Racing, 1941 edition, now on sale, contains a complete indexed record of all racing on the flat and over jumps in England and Ireland during 1940. It is the only publication of the kind giving the full year's returns.

The Summary can be obtained from newsagents, price 2s., or from the Publisher, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2, price 2s. 4d. post free.

Why . . ? Why . . ? Why . . ?

Questions Asked By Every STOMACH SUFFERER

Here are two questions which every stomach sufferer constantly asks! Read the answers!

WHY do I suffer distressing FLATULENCE, HEARTBURN PALPITATION & SICKNESS ?

Because your stomach is producing **TOO MUCH ACID** which causes your food to ferment and gives rise to nasty distressing gases.

WHY do I get that wicked griping PAIN after even the lightest meals ?

Because the excess acid is eating into the stomach lining . . . . inflaming it, leading on to ulceration! Now let us ask YOU two questions!

WHY do you continue to suffer these stomach tortures ?

Because you have not yet tried **MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder.** This famous remedy will neutralise the acid . . . . protect the stomach lining . . . . end your misery!

WHY don't you accept the following offer and so get **RELIEF** ?

Get a 1/5 bottle of **MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder** TO-DAY. If you are not completely satisfied with the results, return the empty carton to Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford, and your money will be refunded in full. From all chemists. Price 1/5, 2/3, 5/7½. Also in Tablet Form in 7d. tins or in bottles at 1/5, and 2/3 (including Purchase Tax). Only genuine if this signature appears on carton, bottle or tin,

Alex. C. Maclean

"The Blitz stopped me boiling clothes —and a good thing, too!"

BY A HOME FRONT CORRESPONDENT

IT took a bomb to show me how lamentably far behind the times I was about washing clothes.

It was only a time bomb but the police made us move out of the house until it exploded. Luckily, some good friends in the district took me and the children in, and what few of our possessions we could gather together in five minutes or so.

When Monday came round I naturally offered to help my friend with the washing as there were a lot of extra sheets and towels to do. But Dot said washing didn't worry her nowadays—not having to boil saves such a lot of time and labour.

"But, surely you boil your whites," I said, "I can't believe they'll come clean without."

"No?" said Dot. "Then just you watch me do the wash *my* way. I bet you'll never go back to boiling again."

Well, of course I stayed—and this is what she did.

FIRST, she sorted out the whites putting the less-dirty ones into a lather of warm Rinso suds. And then she left them to soak for 15 minutes with the heat on low.

She didn't rub them at all but, believe me, when she took them out I'd never seen cleaner, whiter whites!

Then she put the very dirty whites into the same suds, let them soak for 20 minutes, and lightly rubbed them through.

It seemed no time before all the lot was hanging on the line to dry. Actually Dot says she gets her whole wash —about 50 articles—done 1½ hours sooner by this Rinso no-boil way.

AND as she pointed out, think of the *fuel* you save when you cut out boiling. According to the Rinso people's tests you save three-quarters of the gas you'd normally use or half of the coal by this method.

But what Dot's most enthusiastic about is the way it saves the clothes. She says her household linens last a good six months longer by this method, so do her husband's shirts. It's the long boiling and the hard rubbing that wear out fabrics.

I know that as soon as I'm back in my own kitchen I'm going to use the Rinso no-boil way myself. You'll see me serving in the local canteen Monday nights now instead of lying 'done-up' on the sofa. And what I save on fuel I'm putting towards Savings Certificates for my young Johnny.

RINSO SOAKS CLOTHES CLEAN

3046-132 *R. S. Hudson Limited, London*

PHOSFERINE keeps you healthy and alert

Says Mansfield man.

"In times like the present it behoves everyone to be up to concert pitch .... braced up to meet all conditions. The one and only remedy I find, after a long experience, is Phosferine. It keeps you fit, and when the 'Alert' sirens sound you take no more notice of them than the striking of a clock. Phosferine not only drives away fear but keeps you healthy and alert. It is a boon to all, young and old. A trial will convince anyone." *H. C., Mansfield, Notts.*

The very first dose of Phosferine starts the famous tonic action. Within 15 minutes you begin to derive benefit.

PHOSFERINE *(Tablets or Liquid)* 1/5, 3/5, 5/8 *(Including Purchase Tax)*

Two Tablets equal ten drops of Liquid. The 3/5 size is nearly four times the 1/5 size; you save 2/-.

PHOSFERINE *Brand*

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Depression	Neuralgia	Sciatica
Headache	Sleeplessness	Anæmia
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Brain Fag	Rheumatism	Neurasthenia

WARNING. THE PUBLIC IS WARNED AGAINST PURCHASING WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

ZEE-KOL (Brand)

SHOULD BE IN EVERY A.R.P. CUPBOARD.

HEALS EVERY SKIN DISEASE— MANY IN A NIGHT

We have four sacks full of testimonials from all parts of the world.

ECZEMA. "I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

ULCERS. "For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol healed it in a week."

CORNS. The worst corns will soon disappear if Zee-Kol is applied to them night and morning.

Many may promise a wonderful remedy, but there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of imitations.

ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin healer of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases are rapidly and completely banished. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. Zee-Kol kills all germs that enter the skin—that is why it heals the moment it touches the skin. There is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished.

6d., 1/3 & 3/-

(Subject to Purchase Tax)

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Shavex Zee-Kol Co. Ltd. 48, Berwin Road, London, N.19

DON'T LEAVE YOUR LUNGS IN PERIL

EVERY time you cough you are being warned of danger in your lungs. Every time you cough you are actually trying to get rid of germ-laden phlegm and mucus which is clogging up air passages and spreading trouble in your breathing organs.

Get rid of the danger NOW! Don't wait for damp winter and chilly foggy days to make matters worse. Take **VENOS** *Lightning* **COUGH CURE.** This unfailing remedy relieves like lightning. The coughing stops. You breathe easily. Your chest and lungs have new freedom. In fact this famous family remedy is so beneficial that it carries this unchallengeable guarantee:—

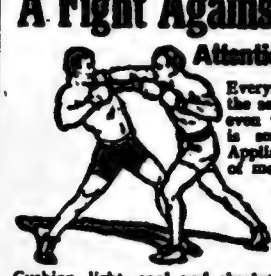
Get your bottle of **VENOS** *Lightning* **COUGH CURE.** Take as directed. If you are not satisfied with results, return empty carton to Veno Drug Co. Ltd., Manchester, and your money will be refunded in full. 1/5 & 3/5 per bottle. *(Including Purchase Tax.)*

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/5 and 3/5.

A Fight Against Rupture



Attention vs. Neglect

Everyone should realise the seriousness of rupture, even where the protrusion is small. The Brooks Appliance is the finest kind of mechanical support for rupture that it is possible to build. Hard pads and stiff springs are entirely eliminated. Our Automatic Air Cushion, light, cool and absolutely sanitary, is protected by patents in the British Isles and all important foreign countries. Your name and address pinned to this advertisement will bring complete details of our **10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL** plan in plain sealed envelope. No need to write a letter.

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COULD NOT SLEEP FOR THE PAIN OF PILES

"Dear Sirs,—For the past fortnight life has been a misery. I had no sleep and could not sit down because of the intense pain and bleeding. I was dreading an operation. After using four *GERMOLOIDS* I got relief. I feel a different woman now and can walk with ease."

(Mrs. G. W., Leicester.)

It's true! Even the worst case of piles is soothed and healed by *Germoloids*, which contain the same medication as the world-famous Germolene Brand Ointment. Acting as you sleep, *Germoloids* heal the lacerated tissue, stop itching and smarting, bring down the swelling and protect the nerves. Constipation goes too. Begin to END YOUR PAIN and misery TO-NIGHT. Get a box of these simple, clean EFFECTIVE suppositories. GERMOLOIDS, Brand are obtainable from all chemists 1/3 per box. *(Incl. Purchase Tax.)*

IMPETIGO WOULD NOT HEAL

BUT D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION ENDED IT IN A WEEK

Here is one of many cases of impetigo cured by D.D.D. Prescription:—

My little daughter somehow got impetigo. I could not get it healed until one day I heard D.D.D. Prescription recommended. I immediately got a bottle, and the results were wonderful. My little girl began to get some sleep, and in one week it was cleared up." (Mrs. D. Davis, Southsea, Hants.)

If you are suffering from impetigo, there is no need to endure the pain and humiliation a day longer. Use D.D.D. Prescription, the *reliable* skin remedy. You will feel this golden lotion soothe away the itch at the first cooling touch. Just a very few days and the red raw patches will have gone for good, and you will again have a smooth healthy skin, a skin you can be proud of again.

Eczema, dermatitis, psoriasis, dandruff, boils, all respond in the same miraculous way to D.D.D. Prescription (1/9d a bottle from your chemist).

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THIS WEEK 20/- Single 35/- Pair Instead of £4 4 0

The Greatest small Deaf Aid yet designed. Can be worn out of sight behind the ear. No headband. Clear natural tone. Sells at the phenomenally low price of 35/- for a pair and 20/- for a single. The greatest bargain ever. SEND NO MONEY.

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HUMANIST gives consoling advice to a widower who is grieving for the woman of his dreams

CONTENTED COUPLES

MAN should not be alone. Adam besought a helpmeet in Eden itself, and the old Adam lives in his sons.

The man who wins success wants a woman to share it; otherwise his triumphs seem rather pointless. And, if he needs her in days of prosperity, he needs her far more in times of failure.

"Last August I lost my life's partner," writes a reader. "To me a finer girl never walked. She was all a man could ask.

"She had glamour and personality; she was a good sport; and she was a devoted mother to our three children.

"My fourteen-year-old daughter is looking after me now, and she manages so well that she does not want me to have a housekeeper.

"Yet there is an emptiness in the home.

"I do miss my wife—her never-failing encouragement and sympathy, and our conversations at the end of the day.

"We meant everything to each other.

"I cannot help brooding and worrying.

"Sometimes I cannot sleep. If I don't keep a firm hold on myself I shall go to pieces."

Hundreds of widowers know this emptiness.

There is the natural desire for a mate, but there is more than that in marriage. The confirmed bachelor will not understand.

What the writer of the letter misses most is the companion who shared everything with him, who faced the problems of life with him.

A sympathetic wife gives a sharp edge to the pleasure of succeeding. She takes the sting from misfortunes.

This man had an ideal wife, and as he is not the sort of man to be happy alone, we can only hope he will be as fortunate as he was before if he marries again

The cynical remark that a second marriage is the triumph of hope over experience does not apply to him. His experience has proved so satisfying that a second wife will not be easy to find.

Successful marriage must rest on foundations of good will.

Armed truce is better than hostility, but it is not likely to endure.

Hundreds of widowers know this tragic emptiness . . . a wife gives a sharp edge to the pleasure of success

"Can't Afford to Marry"

Another letter, from a young man of twenty-three, deals with a problem which, he says, "is causing a lot of grey hairs."

"I have been friendly for more than a year," he says, "with a girl I should like to marry.

"I am sure she would consent, we are both so much in love. Yet I can't afford to marry.

"It would take years to save enough to marry on.

"I devote half of my meagre earnings to my brother and sisters, who are too young to fend for themselves.

"With the remaining money I have to pay income tax, to buy clothes and cigarettes, and pay for 'outings.'

"At the end of the week I have only two or three shillings left.

"What am I to do?

"To end my friendship with the girl I love would probably break her heart. I can't do it.

"Am I to give less to help in the home?

"If I do that my parents will have a harder struggle than ever.

"I don't feel I could do that, either."

Money problems never are easy.

I do not feel justified in advising the man to relinquish all thought of marriage. At twenty-three he has a natural right to marry the girl he loves.

A less generous son would have no thought for the family exchequer.

He would argue that if he paid a reasonable weekly sum for his board he would be doing his duty.

Supporting younger brother and sisters is his father's job.

But he cannot take this way out without feeling mean.

He should take a different job with higher wages. To a man of twenty-three that ought to be possible.

As he is not serving with the Colours, he must be doing work of national importance.

Combine the Wages

If this is not practicable the girl should add to their income.

The combined wages should be enough to enable them to carry on.

The girl is only twenty.

There will be plenty of time to think of raising a family later.

They can live with parents, or go into lodgings.

It is not necessary to buy a houseful of furniture.

Years ago young people bought many things that were unnecessary, and now you see many rooms encumbered with useless possessions.

The most charming rooms, to the modern way of thinking, are those containing only essentials.

FORMULA

THERE'S so many ways of Thinking, but the only way that counts is by Brain that, like strong mobile guns, their Thinking Power mounts, so they can travel quickly and train their thoughts to shoot at all Life's moving Troubles before they can take root.

FOR the World won't gain real Freedom in the old, slow static way, built on hidebound notions which some folk would like to stay, but which the Tides of Progress have so fiercely swept aside, we need New and Stirring Signposts up and down Life's Countryside

FOR Clear Thought is never cumbersome, it is like an upheld Light, which will spread the Plans of Peace and Life's Methods will rewrite, so that all the Multitudes of the Universe can read the Moving Thoughts whose pregnant Course to Life's Betterment will lead.

BUT all this Power of Thinking must be turned into simple speech, and speech must be understood as far as a human voice can reach. Thus the awful Tower of Babel, with its confusion down each Age, must be written off once and for all on this Grim War's Last Page.

WE must wipe away the Language-bar if we are to be really Free, for the whole World must be as One to construct Life's Efficiency. This Twilight of Translation for the communications of the earth must give way to a Common Tongue for men to translate Life's Common Worth.

THEN will the God-intended Human Family arise, in which Life will assume new reason and the stream of its merchandise will be used in the common interest and the Treasures of Toil be spread on the Floor of the World for men to use wherever Mankind may tread.

AND all the misused triumphs of Science be harnessed anew, so that the wide World over, people like me and you can Understand one another, and with each other speak. This then is the Formula of the Freedom which we seek.

J. M.

Guineas for Readers

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, mentioning your name).

There is room for one more problem, the problem of making a will.

"I want to leave everything to my wife," writes a reader, "and she will leave it in her turn to the three children.

"I know that a portion of my estate will go to the Government in death duties, and, later on (when my wife dies), another portion will be taken.

"But what happens if we are killed by the same bomb?

"That kind of thing does happen, and you have to face the possibility.

"Any advice you can offer will be valuable to a great many other readers who realise that in a time like this it is wrong not to think about dying."

When two people die simultaneously it is assumed that the older dies first.

Thus if the man is older than his wife, there will be two separate estate duties to be paid.

If the wife is older there will be only one. [I am taking it for granted that the property is owned by the man.]

But there are many "snags" in wording a will, and it is advisable to get the help of a solicitor when bequests are considerable.

It is extremely important to have two witnesses present when the will is signed; neither of them should benefit under the will.

They are disinterested parties.

But they are required to declare that the testator knew what he was doing when he signed and that he did it of his own free will.

The Greatest Of These

JIMMY'S father served in the last war.

He enlisted again eighteen months ago, and was only recently discharged as unfit for further service.

Now too ill to work regularly, he is having difficulty in providing for a wife and four young children, is anxious because of increasing arrears of rent.

It is impossible for him to buy medical supplies, to meet expenses of a serious dental operation, and to provide clothes and shoes on the small income at his disposal.

Please help this deserving family.

Donations should be sent to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given.

There are no deductions for administration expenses. Every penny sent is devoted to the Fund.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

We are grateful to those readers who send anonymously.

The Last Laugh

M. T. (Bagshot).—"I enclose a lyric I have written, and which I am thinking of having set to music. What do you think of it?" It's nothing to make a song about.

G. T (Ealing).—"Although I like a good meal last thing at night, I find I cannot sleep on a full stomach." Then try sleeping on your back

P. M. (Balham).—"If I can get some time off in the Spring, what could be better for my war-jaded nerves than a week in the country?" Two weeks.

S. G. (Margate).—"As a lady crooner I created a sensation with my low, husky notes, but lately I can't get any engagements." Your cold is evidently better.

D. N. (Epsom).—"Horses and dogs are the animal friends of man." Especially when they win.

SCHOOLMASTER (Dulwich). —"When sitting for an examination, an entrant instinctively knows towards the end of it if he has been successful." Most candidates, however, feel like passing out before they commence.

E. M. (Hornsey).—"What will the B.B.C. do if there is an invasion?" They will be able to pronounce with unfaltering clarity the place names invaders are hurled back from

H. C. (Chichester).—"Just because I am a bit of a gambler, my rich uncle has cut me right out of his will." He evidently believes in leaving nothing to chance.

D. L. (Epping).—"I'm afraid our hiking club is doomed owing to so many of the members having joined the Forces." They have found a different walk in life.

T. T. (Norwich).—"I picked up the receiver and heard a loud mocking laugh." Crossed wires, probably, and a butcher's reaction to a timid enquiry about a pound of steak

J. M (Goole).—"As I crept stealthily down the road, I looked to one side and then to the other —and what do you think I did next?" Looked in the middle.

RECRUIT (Aldershot). — "Army life seems to improve every day." Well, some of the days we are having can do with a bit of improvement.

W. Y. (Fulham).—"I have been told that a man is knocked down in the streets of London every hour." Monotonous, but what a constitution!

A. L. (South Coast).—"The play had become the talk of the town because of its lack of delicacy, so I would not allow my daughter to come with me." In any event, we don't suppose she would want to see it a second time.

MRS. D. (Redditch).—"My husband seems very anxious for me not to go about in slacks." He thinks it would hardly be a display of good form?

MRS. G. (Edinburgh).—"My husband is very patriotic and is really looking forward to joining H.M. Forces.' See letter below.

MR. G. (Edinburgh).—"My wife nags me to such an extent that I shall be delighted when I am called up." See letter above.

G. F. (Carlisle).—"I am a firm believer in the back-to-the-land movement." Then you must have thoroughly enjoyed yourself during the recent slippery weather.

R. N. (Hoxton).—"My stepbrother has been a confidence trickster and a seller of bogus shares, and I often wonder what he will do next." Surely you mean "whom"?

G. D. (Trowbridge). — "What would you regard as one of the greatest pleasures to be encountered on a motor tour?" Getting a puncture near a garage.

T. F. (Mumbles).—"I hear so much about taking opportunity when it offers, and I'd like to know just how you would define a clever opportunist.' One who meets the wolf at the door and appears next day in a fur coat.

H. A. (Falmouth).—"I have the ambition to climb to heights in my career through life." Well, you'll possibly manage it if you remain on the level.

H. R. (Belvedere).—"My sister lives in the Midlands and says there's a minister up there who never performs a marriage service —he always gets another man to do it." It is possible, of course, that this particular minister does not like to participate in any game of chance.

J. J. (Woodstock).—"Have you ever appeared as a witness in a suit? If so, what suit was it?' We have, and it was blue serge.

S. L. (Surbiton).—"One thing even Hitler cannot prevent the flowers coming up in my garden." No, but the cat next door can.

C. C. (Fleetwood).—"My wife says that I'm not as big a fool as I used to be." Lost weight through the rationing, eh?

(Side-Slips : See page 17)

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"I think there's a Field-Marshal under 'ere, mate, and 'e won't come out"

JOHN BULL READERS!

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MODERN HOME NURSING and FIRST AID

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IT TELLS YOU WHAT TO DO

This entirely new book tells you what to do about Burns — Cuts — Sore Throats — Coughs — Anæmia — Fractures — Loss of Appetite — Bruises — Bad Breath — Catarrh — Colds — Chest Pains — Vital Problems of Personal Hygiene — Change of Life — Pregnancy — Emergency Midwifery — Children's Diseases — Problems of Motherhood — Poor Blood Circulation — Fainting — Constipation — Dandruff — Deafness, including Deafness after Gunfire — Delirium — Indigestion — Rheumatism — Ulcers — Varicose Veins — Eczema — Hysteria — Fevers — Infectious Diseases — Inflammation of Wounds — Sprains — Meningitis — Headache — Foreign Bodies in the Eye — Heartburn — Neuroses — Nervous Breakdown — Nose Bleeding — Stomach Ache — Sweating — Poisoning — Asthma — Backache — Bandages — Biliousness — Diarrhœa — Inoculation — Leanness — Neuralgia — Neuritis — Palpitation — Red Pimples and Spots — Scurf — Blisters — Bites — Stings — Bleeding — Boils — Chafing — Breathlessness — Corpulence — Inflammation of the Skin — Dizziness — Drowsiness Irritability — Artificial Respiration — Appendicitis — Kidneys — Adenoids — Wartime First Aid — ETC., ETC., ETC.

★ Medical science has advanced tremendously during the last few years, and an out-of-date reference book in the home is worse than useless. This great work—now coming off the press—gives the very latest advice.

Every word is authoritative. It has been compiled entirely by doctors, specialists in the subjects on which they have written. Every possible complaint, illness and accident that can be nursed in the home is covered by this wonderful book—from a cold to emergency midwifery. Look in the panel on the left at some of the hundreds of subjects dealt with in this work.

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Actual size of the volume is 9 in. deep by 6 in. wide. This book, which is specially arranged for quick reference, is handsomely bound in woven Crash Canvas. For this book all you send after receipt of invoice is 3/3, plus 1/-, which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

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Sufficient to provide 12 months' Vegetables for average home—alternative award if preferred

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£200 First Prize—"BULLETS" £1,262

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60s.: G. Rodgers, 5, Doncaster Road, Liverpool. The Fifty to—We've Still "Sally Stricken."

40s.: D. Evelyn, 21, New Bridge Road, East Hull. Josephine Peace—Secure Your Rest? "Smash."

30s.: J. Hadley, R.A.F. Station, Somewhere-in-Britain. What Wilhelm Saw—Tonight With—Tough Workmen.

20s.: D. Davies, 97, Aberdeenddu Road, Pwll, Glam. Good Start—Remember, Four Shots Free!

15s.: W. G. Taylor, 39, Riverside, Gaywood, King's Lynn. Not Working—Everything "Stops"—Striking "Bonus."

12s.: A. H. Brown, 99, Mysore Road, Battersea, S.W.11. Man Of Vision—Reserved Captured Italian Commanders!

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10s.: Mrs. H. C. Higgs, 37, Godpalmath Lane, Fareham, Hants. Thanks To The Press—Of Work, Victory "Wins."

10s.: E. Tiencock, Park View, Lochkin Road, Inverness. Man Britain Needs—Not "Talker," Asserts Barber!

The 20 £1 Bonuses, 100 Surprise Awards and 1,000 Merit Awards have been posted.

HOW TO WIN! Simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples. Then see how you can polish and add zip or humour to those words. You'll enjoy trying to make your efforts sparkle like the latest prize-winning *Bullets* on left.

Remember—a £100 First Prize cheque or one of the novel "Grow for Victory" awards may well be your reward if you succeed!

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

SHADOW OVER EUROPE
READY FOR THE SPRING
WHAT BEVIN WANTS
IN THE WRONG HANDS
FEELING THE PINCH
AROUND US
FISH
WHEN LIFE SEEMS DULL
WEIGHT OFF OUR MIND
IN A WARM CORNER
TRIFLING
AUNTIE'S BAG
FLYING FORTRESS
QUITTERS
STIRRING UP TROUBLE
VIEWED WITH SUSPICION
SHOWS TIMES HAVE CHANGED
ROUGH PASSAGE
WHEN MUSSO'S FINISHED
BRITANNIA'S A WOMAN, BUT

The "Examples" below are for completion with any other additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

Warning For..... | When .... Stopped
We Must..... | These .... Coupons
Thanks To The.... | To ..... Britain

20 BONUSES each value £1 for the 20 entrants whose sets of SIX *Bullets* on one coupon show most all-round merit.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EX.
B.
EX.
B.

LAST 2 EFFORTS FREE WITH 4 PAID, THUS GIVING 6 SHOTS FOR 1s.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets* on this coupon.

Signed .....

P.O. Value..... No. .....

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1,262 NEW Closing Postmark, MON., MAR. 3.

Affix 1d. STAMP for copy of "Bullets" BULLETIN

Don't Miss Your Bulletin.

ADDRESS adjoining label neatly to yourself, affix 1d. stamp to space provided and then make sure of your Bulletin containing hints to help you win. Do not miss this opportunity to secure your 2,000-Word Guide to success.

CLEAR BLOCK LETTERS.

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STAMPS may be used as ENTRY-FEE—stick them in this form and enclose with your *Bullets* Entry.

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CUT ROUND THIS LINE

RULES 1. First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor regrets that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Postal Orders or Stamps (such to separate form provided must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used, make payable to Jones Street, crossed & Co., write name and address on back. Members of H.M. Forces are privileged to submit entries at HALF-RATE entry-fee, provided coupons are personally completed and Service rank is indicated. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and totally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible. Coupon on right—first entries can gain proper equality eligible—same rate of entry-fee.

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"THE WHITE CLIFFS"

Amazing War Poem that swept America

JUST before Lord Lothian died he gave a poem called "The White Cliffs" to a British visitor, Sir Walter Layton. "This little book has swept America," he explained, "they ought to know about it in England." Sir Walter brought the book to England, and gave a copy to Mr. Churchill.

And now, in "Illustrated," just out, you are given the opportunity to read a first long instalment of this inspired work.

Its simple narrative expresses poignantly what the two English-speaking nations think about the war and each other.

It touched the heart of America—it will touch the heart of Britain.

Get "Illustrated" NOW! At the same time place a standing order for "Illustrated" every week. Owing to wartime conditions this is the only way to make sure of your copy every Wednesday.

Other features include:—UNCLE SAM "GOES TO IT"—Wonderful supplement on the "Arsenal of Democracy" and the men behind America's mighty effort—BOMBED BABIES ADOPTED BY BUSINESS MAN—*Debunking the Railway Line*—EXCLUSIVE DRAMATIC PICTURES OF AN ATLANTIC RESCUE—*What they are doing in Britain's "Invasion Village"*—etc., etc.

ILLUSTRATED

JUST OUT

FOOD FACTS

Number 28

HAVE you discovered how often potatoes can replace foods that are now difficult to get?

Potatoes can be served in an endless variety of ways—below are a few suggestions. Potatoes build up your strength, give you vitality and help you to resist illness—and they are home-grown. So eat them often.

ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

Our sailors don't mind risking their lives to feed you and your family—but they do mind if you help the U-boats by wasting food.

Wartime "Champ"

Here is a wartime version of the old Irish dish, Champ. Scrub and slice 1 lb. potatoes and 1 lb. carrots. Put in a saucepan with a teacupful of hot salted water and add a small cabbage finely shredded. Cover with the lid, cook steadily, giving an occasional shake until tender (about 15 minutes). The water should have just boiled away by then. Add a small teacupful of hot milk and mash well with a dash of pepper and more salt if necessary. Serve at once with a pat of margarine to each helping.

Hot Potato Salad

Cook some potatoes in their skins, and when just done, peel and cut them in slices. Have ready mixed a dressing of pepper, salt, a little sugar, oil, vinegar, mustard and hot milk. Mix the potatoes thoroughly with the dressing and add some chopped parsley, or, if you have any, a little chopped onion. Serve hot.

Experiment with your meals as much as you can. It gives variety and it does you good

Save those Orange Rinds!

Here's a new way to make use of orange peel. Grate it and mix a little with mashed potatoes. The potatoes will turn an exciting pink colour.

Potato Pastry

This is extremely good with either sweet or savoury dishes. Sieve 8 ozs. plain flour with ½ teaspoonful salt. Rub in 4 ozs. cooking fat with the tips of the fingers, until the mixture has the appearance of fine bread-crumbs. Add 4 ozs. sieved cooked potato and rub lightly into the other ingredients. Mix to a very dry dough with a little cold water. Knead well with the fingers and roll out.

Potato Suet Crust

This recipe will make your suet ration go further and give you a light crust, which is not greasy. Mix 8 ozs. flour, 2 ozs. suet, 2 ozs. grated raw potato, salt and a little water. Then cook your mixture in the usual way.

Remember to turn on your wireless at 8.15 every morning for useful food tips from the Radio Kitchen Front.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

Stop the Feverishness & STOP the FLU!

With 'flu about it is important to look out for the first symptoms. At the first shiver, the first sneeze, take two 'ASPRO' tablets. 'ASPRO' is quickly ingested in the system—a soothing, fever-reducing action starts at once. The sensations of weakness, grogginess and depression go. You feel soothed, comforted, WELL, better than ever. If 'flu has taken you by surprise and is already established, take two or three 'ASPRO' tablets with a hot drink and the attack will not develop. 'ASPRO', by reducing the temperature, stops its progress right away. 'ASPRO', a hot drink, a good night's sleep, and you will awake fresh and fit—infection, feverishness, shivering, sneezing and stiffness gone like a dream. Thousands have demonstrated this to be true. Read some of their letters below and LAY IN YOUR STOCK OF 'ASPRO'

'ASPRO' BRINGS Immediate-Safe-Effective HELP!

Why don't you benefit too—protect yourself—BANISH 'FLU WITH 'ASPRO'

MOTHER AND CHILD BANISH 'FLU

Mrs. W. writes from Mansfield Woodhouse, Notts. "I am sending straight to the point. Your 'ASPRO' and a miracle of the age should I almost know. I've just had 'flu. I don't know how I could have stood the pain in my head without them. Also I gave one to my little girl aged 9. She lay on the couch after coming home from school. I could see she had a temperature so I gave her an 'ASPRO'. The result was miraculous. After about 10 minutes she got up off the couch, had her delayed lunch and was herself again. It was truly amazing. I was thinking I was going to have her home from school for a fortnight. She had another tablet every 4 hours for a day and she never had one day off. 'ASPRO' just warded off the 'flu as if by a magic wand. I am forever grateful for 'ASPRO' and shall always use them and recommend them although I don't think they need the latter.

"P.S.—Of course, for 'flu we always use them with hot lemon drink as advertised."

DOES NOT DREAD 'FLU & WINTER NOW

Dear Sirs, Clarkston, Renfrewshire.

I feel I must write and thank you for giving me a remedy for my cold. I am subject to colds and influenza and I always dread winter time, but since taking 'ASPRO' I am a new woman. Thanking you again,

I am, Yours truly, MISS R. H.

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS
TOOTHACHE
COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
PAINS FROM IAIN TO WOMEN
MALARIA
ASTHMA

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

Made in England by
'ASPRO' LIMITED, SLOUGH, BUCKS

'FLU AND SORE THROAT YIELD TO 'ASPRO'

Mrs. J. W. writes from North Shields: "I had a very bad attack of 'flu and was unable to get my usual rest. I had a very bad throat with large swollen glands. This went on for four days, when I went down with a temperature of 103. My friend got some 'ASPRO' and I took two about 8 o'clock and had a slight sleep, at 9 o'clock my throat was completely freed again and I also was sweating without the slightest difficulty, whereas before it was very painful to swallow. Then I took two about 10, again and in the morning they had completely left me and I got up and can truthfully say I feel fine. I cannot express my feelings about them enough as I was hearing about my friend who was ill and had I been ill as well I would have been very perturbed, as you can guess how my friend and I feel about them, and she can testify to all I say. I tell everyone I meet about my experience and you may rest assured I shall always keep 'ASPRO' in my house and as a permanent place for they deserve it.

"Wishing your 'ASPRO' every good luck.

SMASHES COLDS IN ONE NIGHT

72a Tewkesbury Crescent, Harrow, W.7.

Dear Sir,

I am a lorry driver and I am out in all weathers and it does not take long to get a cold, but as soon as I feel a cold coming I drop back on a glass of hot lemon and take 'ASPRO' tablets and I find, by morning, I am my old self again.

Yours faithfully,
G. KAY.

'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and as a deterrent.

ASPRO PRICES INCLUDING PURCHASE TAX 3½D 7D 1/5 2/10

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